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VOYAGING ACROSS THE WORLD ON PUBLIC DUTY: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

The Duchess of York has had to bid good-bye to her little daughter, Princess Elizabeth, who was born last April, while she accompanies the Duke on his voyage of public duty to Australia and New Zealand. Meanwhile the little Princess will be well looked after by the Queen and also by her maternal

grandmother, the Countess of Strathmore. As noted under the portrait of the Duke of York on page 40, he and the Duchess arranged to embark in the "Renown" at Portsmouth on January 6. On another page in this number we illustrate their quarters in the battle-cruiser.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAM PARK.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MISS ROSE MACAULAY has written a very entertaining and valuable little essay on catchwords and claptrap. She is much concerned for the use of words in their exact sense; and it is at any rate a good thing that somebody should point out what is their exact sense. She remarks, for instance, that "nameless" only means without a name, and does not mean dreadful or horrible. Here she is, of course, strictly exact; but it might be rather awkward and inhuman to be strictly exact. A newborn child is nameless until the christening. But if you were to point to the house or church where the child was about to be christened and whisper, in a hoarse and blood-curdling tone, "A Nameless Something dwells within," you would probably be misunderstood; and, after all, the object of language is to be understood.

The truth is that language has been from the dawn of the world used for two purposes, which may be simplified into the two divisions of poetry and prose. It is not necessary in this sense that the poetry should be in verse; fairy-tales and country proverbs are full of it. But poetry simply consists of connotation. It is all in the atmosphere created by the terms, as an incantation calls up spirits. It is almost more made up of the echoes of words than the words themselves. It is not really even the images, but the haloes round the images. "Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn" does not owe its effect to the assertion, as on an Admiralty chart, that certain seas are dangerous for navigators. It owes it to the suggestion of all sorts of other dangers not commonly covered by the definition of a dangerous sea. Wherever this element of pure poetry enters—and it enters into much that is commonly called prose—it is hopeless to expect that dictionary definition should be observed, even if dictionary definition were really reasonable definition. I have generally found dictionary definition extraordinarily bad.

Now I do not think that this sort of laxity in language is a mere error or an unmixed evil. Where there is, and is meant to be, an imaginative implication in a phrase, it can claim the ordinary rights of the imagination. It has taken out, in the strict sense of the word, a poetic license. A phrase like "the other end of nowhere" is not to be condemned as a contradiction in terms. It appeals to the imagination, and not immediately to the reason. A phrase like "till all is blue" is not meant to be taken literally and cannot be condemned logically. Yet it is logical enough in a sense. The man does not mean that blue dogs and cats and cows will shortly appear, but rather that it will be a long time before they do. And so I think a distinction must be drawn between connotation and contradiction.

What I complain of much more is the entirely mechanical use of some cant phrases in current journalism. If a banker falls off an omnibus and is dragged along for a hundred yards by the left leg, the newspaper is now absolutely certain to head the paragraph "Banker's Ordeal." Now this is really a dead use of words, for the writer does not think at all about the original meaning of "ordeal" as a deliberate test or trial. He does not mean that the omnibus company condemned the banker to be trailed by the leg to prove the probity and firmness of his financial testimony. The man saying "nameless" does in some dim subconscious way think of monstrosities for which no name is adequate. But the man saying "ordeal" does not even dimly recall red-hot ploughshares or trial by combat. Another word which goes along with "ordeal" is "romance." It is always applied to the most unromantic marriage

possible, as that of a pork millionaire with a mercenary chorus girl. It is always called "Pork Millionaire's Romance." It is obvious that any ordinary marriage between a poor clerk and a typist is much more likely to be a romantic marriage.

But there is one habit, rather similar in spirit, which I think annoys me even more than the cant phrases Miss Macaulay satirises; and I am quite sure it would annoy her at least as much. It is a sort of subtle and almost secret weakness in the whole

is a solicitor of some standing, *although* he is pompous? Is it so very difficult for a solicitor to be pompous? It is not much more likely, if anything, that pomposity would adorn the personality of a solicitor of some standing, rather than of a solicitor of no standing? Why does he grow less pompous in proportion as he becomes more well known? Is this fact of natural history, or new scientific law, really founded on any detailed observation? And then we pass on to the larger and more serious moral implication; that a man cannot kill another man if the first man is a solicitor of some standing. This is evidently another privilege peculiar to that particular branch of the law. It is not only improbable that he should be pompous, but impossible that he should be murderous. I do not understand why this spiritual security belongs to that profession, but it is certain that it does not belong to other equally respectable professions. Dr. Pritchard, the poisoner, for example, was a doctor of some standing; indeed, of perfectly solid standing. I can remember several murders by doctors; several by colonels; not a few by noble lords; and if I cannot at the moment recall a solicitor stained with gore, I have little doubt that a more pious and painstaking study of the police news, especially in America, would provide me with several.

We thus find that an educated person writing an excellent romance of detection has under the surface of his mind a number of strange assumptions and associations. He thinks it a sufficient antithesis to say that a man is not a slayer but a solicitor. He suggests that the man manages to be pompous in spite of being well known. Now it is that sort of illogicality, much more than the illogicality of popular poetical terms like "nameless," which seems to me to be undermining the mind. It is not so much the words themselves as the way in which they are connected that is weak and wandering. It is not so much the phrases that are used as the phrases that are not used; the silent mental processes between the express terms. I do not give that particular passage from the detective story with any idea of deriding the detective story. I mean that there are whole books, successful books, and sometimes deservedly successful books, built up of sentences like that.

It seems to me more important to cultivate in people this habit of connected thought than to quarrel about the correct meaning of this or that word, which has very often changed its meaning and may sometimes be used poetically beyond its meaning. The mathematician who read "Paradise Lost" and said he could not make out what the man was trying to prove has often been held up to cultivated contempt. But, after all, there was in a sense something that Milton was trying to prove; even if we may have our own views about whether he proved it. He himself used language that might legitimately mislead the poor mathematician;

That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal providence
And justify the ways of God to man.

Where the mathematician would be wrong would be in forgetting that Satan's resemblance to a leviathan, floating many a rood, meant rather more than the fact that, in the sense of Polonius, he was very like a whale. The mathematician must remember that the words are raised to the power of infinity. But he is not wrong in thinking that there is a logical structure even in the imaginative mind; and to-day it is that structure that seems to be continually breaking down.



BOUND FOR THE ANTIPODES IN THE "RENOVN" TO INAUGURATE THE NEW AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL AT CANBERRA AND VISIT NEW ZEALAND: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

The Duke and Duchess of York arranged to embark in H.M.S. "Renown" at Portsmouth, on January 6, for their tour in Australia and New Zealand, during which the Duke is to inaugurate, on behalf of the King, the new Commonwealth capital at Canberra. A few days ago the Duke was made a G.C.M.G. and invested by the King with the insignia. He was formerly in the Navy, and served at Jutland. Later he joined the Royal Air Force and became a Group-Captain. A portrait of the Duchess of York appears on the front page of this number, and elsewhere a page of photographs of the royal quarters aboard the "Renown."

Photograph by Bertram Park.

structure of the sentence and the sequence of the ideas. I am always reading whole stories, often quite good stories, of which the narrative style is woven out of weak and inconsequent sequences. I give one instance out of a thousand, because I have just read it; it is from a very exciting detective story. And how shall I speak harshly or ungratefully of anyone who has written me an exciting detective story? But a phrase from it will express exactly what I mean. A man named Benson has been accused of murder; and the hero (a rising journalist and ardent amateur detective) denies the possibility of such a charge being just. He says: "Also this Benson fellow, pompous though he is, is evidently a man of some standing, a well-known solicitor." Now there are any number of *non sequiturs* tangled up in that one sentence. Why should it be said that a man

THE "RENOWN" WITH THE WHITE ROSE OF YORK: THE ROYAL CABINS.

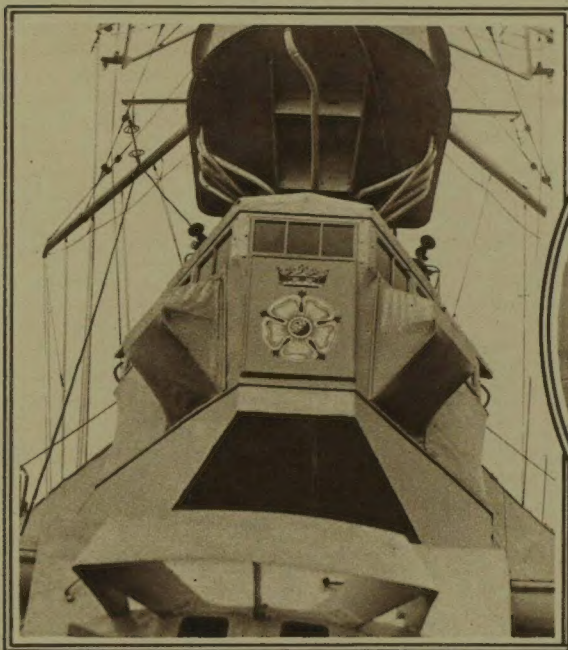
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PHOTOPRESS.



IN THE ROYAL QUARTERS ABOARD H.M.S. "RENOWN" PREPARED FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK DURING THEIR VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA: THE DUKE'S SLEEPING-CABIN.



PANELLED AND REDECORATED, WITH COPIES OF ITALIAN PAINTINGS AND ONE OF ST. NICHOLAS, PATRON OF SAILORS: THE LITTLE CHAPEL IN THE STERN OF THE "RENOWN."



PAINTED WITH THE WHITE ROSE OF YORK, SURMOUNTED BY THE DUKE'S CORONET: THE NAVIGATING BRIDGE.



CARRYING THE SHIP'S MASCOT CAT "ELIZABETH," TAKEN ON THE VOYAGE: A MEMBER OF THE "RENOWN'S" CREW.

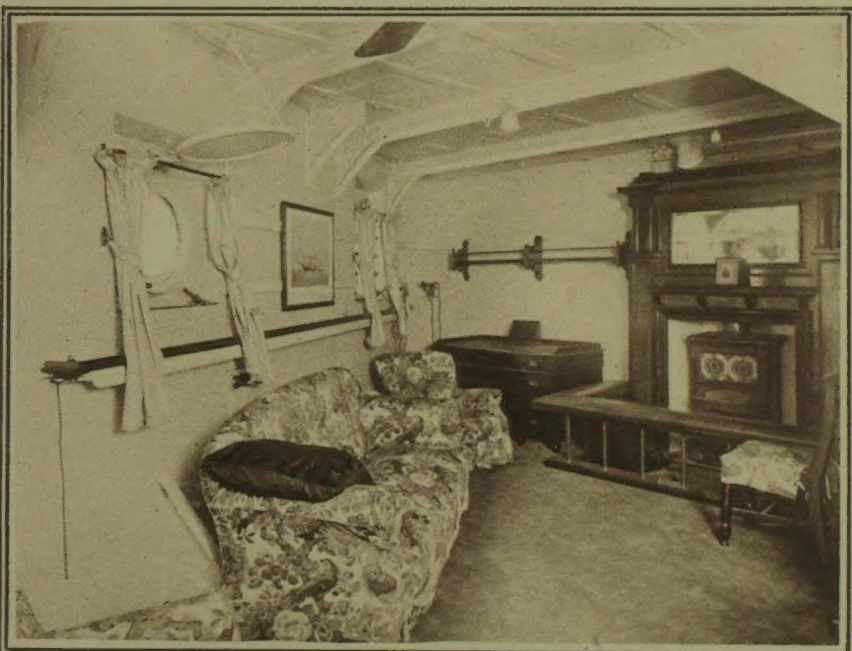


A SPECIAL "SHOP" ON BOARD THE "RENOWN" FOR THE SALE OF MEMENTOES TO VISITORS: THE BOOKSTALL.



HUNG WITH AQUATINTS OF EVENTS IN AUSTRALIAN HISTORY AND RARE VIEWS OF SYDNEY IN 1810: THE ROYAL DINING SALOON IN THE "RENOWN."

The battle-cruiser "Renown," which it was arranged should leave Portsmouth on January 6 with the Duke and Duchess of York, bound for Australia and New Zealand, was specially equipped by the Navy for the voyage. All the cutlery and table ware for the royal quarters is of the conventional Service pattern as supplied to Admirals. One very interesting set of articles issued for the trip is the silver plate and trophies given by Australians to the battle-ship "Commonwealth," which served in the war and was afterwards broken up. All the furniture, while very tasteful, is marked by simplicity. The white rose of York was painted on the front of the navigating bridge. The little chapel in the



A COSY CORNER FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK DURING THE VOYAGE TO THE ANTIPODES: THE LOUNGE IN THEIR QUARTERS ABOARD THE "RENOWN."

stern was panelled throughout and redecorated, the sanctuary being adorned with copies of Italian paintings and pictures of St. Nicholas, the sailor's patron saint, with a small "Renown" painted at his feet. The royal saloons are decorated with a series of old maritime prints lent by Messrs. T. H. Parker, the historical-picture dealers, of Berkeley Street. Those in the dining saloon include views of Sydney, published in 1810, only a few years after its foundation. A shop has been opened on board, at which visitors during the tour can buy mementoes. The stock includes trinkets and kindred articles specially inscribed or decorated, besides 10,000 picture postcards and portraits of the Duke and Duchess.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Anti-Gregorian.

By now most of us have stopped keeping diaries for 1927, and ceased forgetfully to date our letters "1926." Last week I alluded to "New Year's Day New Style." Christmas Day Old Style falls on Jan. 6, or Twelfth Day, and in 1753 a remarkable body of Anti-Gregorians at Worcester insisted on celebrating their Christmas not on Dec. 25, but on the sixth day of the New Year. It is possible to picture these heroic defenders of an old calendar suppressing the appetites that must have been aroused in them by the sight of the seasonable dishes of which others partook, and bidding themselves await the coming of the ancient occasion. These Anti-Gregorians share a sort of glorious insignificance with that later company of isolated opinion described in Mr. Kipling's story of "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat."

As a nation, we suffer the complacent conviction that in all reforms which common-sense dictates to the world we have always been first. It is good for us to remember, therefore, that in the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar we were well behind the rest of Europe. Spain, Portugal, Rome, and other States of Italy, and many of the States of Germany, had all accepted the new system by the end of the seventeenth century. In this country the inconvenience of corresponding with people on the Continent of Europe who used a date different by eleven days from that observed in England when the same date was intended, did not prevent a great deal of ignorant opposition, nor a resort to the last ditch by the contemporary diehards.

"Repulsed with Great Laughter."

In the last ditch, therefore, were ranged these literary sentimentalists, their quills at the "On Guard" position. One of those charmingly erroneous printers who at intervals perform for our delight, on a well-known occasion recorded of a battle that "the enemy were repulsed with great laughter." And this was the fate of the Anti-Gregorians, who, however, went down with that cry upon their lips which Hogarth used for the title of his picture recording their desperate heroism, "Give us back our Eleven Days!" In that amusing book made up of the diaries of the "Betts of Wortham," we have this: "Against Martha's name in the Bible her mother wrote: 'Born September 20th 1751. Her birthday is now the 1st October.'" There are modern Marthas who would not unwillingly see their birthdays advanced not by days, but years. It is further recorded that the Bill for making the change in the calendar was introduced by Lord Macclesfield, whose son, standing for Oxfordshire at the time, could never appear upon the hustings without being angrily ordered to return the eleven days. Procrastination may be the thief of time, but there was an occasion when others were suspected.

The Holy Grail. A cup described as having certainly been made in the district of Sidon in the first years of the Christian era, and that has lately formed the subject of a lecture at Manchester by Dr. Rendel Harris, is thought to be

possibly none other than that most precious relic of the Christian faith which we call the Holy Grail.

It was illustrated, with various similar cups, in the issue of this paper for Dec. 25 last. As there noted, Dr. Harris claims that, if this is not the cup used by Our Lord, it may very well have been. But it is to be remembered that for other vessels such a claim has been set up.

The legend of the Grail scarcely needs re-stating. Tennyson, a poet whom Chelsea may allow us to tolerate for a moment, found in the theme so deep an inspiration as to lead him to confess that in his judgment his *Idyll of the Holy Grail* was the most imaginative of any of his poems. "I have expressed there my strong feeling as to the reality of the unseen." Yet at one time he had been unwilling to introduce the subject of the Grail, being fearful of bruising the sanctity of the theme. It has been said that the poet did not know the legend in its complete form. Joseph of Arimathea, on being given permission



Bolnbrooke praying at the tomb of his father, John of Gaunt, St. Paul's 1399.



NOW TO BE SEEN REUNITED TO THE TWO WING PANELS (SEE THE OPPOSITE PAGE), AFTER LONG SEPARATION, IN THE PRESENT EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: "CHRIST NAILED TO THE CROSS," BY GERARD DAVID, THE CENTRE PICTURE OF A FAMOUS TRIPTYCH.

The great Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art, opening to-day (January 8) in the Royal Academy galleries at Burlington House, has brought together for the first time in living memory parts of works long separated. The most interesting example is the triptych by Gerard David (died 1523), of which the above is the central portion. This work is considered as the first important picture painted by that artist. In the course of time, the central panel became separated from the two wings and passed from Lady Layard's collection to the National Gallery. The Trustees consented to make an exception in favour of the Exhibition for the special purpose of reconstituting the triptych, and of placing once more the central panel between the two wings preserved in the Antwerp Museum. They are reproduced on the page opposite.

By Courtesy of the National Gallery.

to remove the body of Christ, first visited the Upper Room, and there seeing the Cup, took it with him, and used it as a vessel in which to let fall the blood that dripped from the sacred wounds during the taking down of the body from the Cross. It is this second part of the story which Tennyson ignores. Joseph is supposed afterwards to have brought the cup to Britain when he came thither as a missionary sent by St. Philip. The meeting of the mysterious visitant with the Knights of England, as described in the "Morte d'Arthur," will be generally familiar. "Now," said the good man, "wottest thou whom I am?" "Nay," said Sir Galahad. "I am Joseph of Arimathea which our Lord has sent here to thee to bear thee friendship, and wottest thou wherefore he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things: one is, that thou hast seen the Sancgreal . . ." After Galahad's death, "Sir Launcelot told the adventures of the Sancgreal that he had seen: all this was made in great books and put in the armoury at Salisbury."

Are You There? It is thought that now that New York may be rung up by wireless for £5 for a minute, many people of

moderate means may prefer this to pulling the communication-cord of a train. The announcement of this new 'phone service should remind us that the original telephone was as much a British as an American achievement. The ingenious little instrument which, by the simplest action on the part of the girl at the Exchange, puts us into communication with people we never heard of and don't want to talk to, was the invention of Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh in 1847. I do not know if it is the common experience, but in infancy I believed that the telephone was invented by Edison. A few years ago, indeed, we believed that everything was invented by Edison. Everything was Edison's unless somebody could produce the very strongest evidence to the contrary. The only inventions that were not Edison's were those pure inventions for which Fleet Street acquired renown.

But the telephone, if it can be said to have a single inventor, was invented by Bell. The fact is, of course, that behind every acknowledged invention is that grey cloud of witnesses to scientific truth in which the successful contriver has read the thing that now he reveals. I am sure that when one inventor is proclaimed there is tragic darkness in the hearts of many others. But Bell deserved his success, even on the most flagrantly sentimental grounds. His original impulse was his desire to relieve the deafness of his mother. Moreover, his father was a teacher of voice-production, who had invented a system of teaching deaf mutes, by means of their eyesight, how to articulate words.

This system was expounded in America by the younger Bell, who now, however, began to devote closer attention to certain experiments begun in Scotland. He had already conveyed the sound of a piano by means of a current of electricity, and he sought to do the same for human speech. In 1875 he put the instrument together, and, standing at a receiver in his study, he spoke to his assistant waiting at the other receiver in the cellar. "Do you hear what I say?" he called out. The eagerly waiting squire of this knight of science was so excited that he rushed upstairs to answer. The contrivance, from that time known as the "telephone," was shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and in 1876 Sir William Thomson told the British Association that he had heard sound transmitted over a distance. He quoted sentences, and then added: "All this my own ears heard spoken."

The voice heard by that noble genius, better known as Kelvin, was but a faint trickle of sound. Another mind than that of Bell now gave the world the "loud speaker," and for this we rightly give the praise to Edison.

THE FLEMISH EXHIBITION: A REUNITED TRIPTYCH; AND A TENIERS.

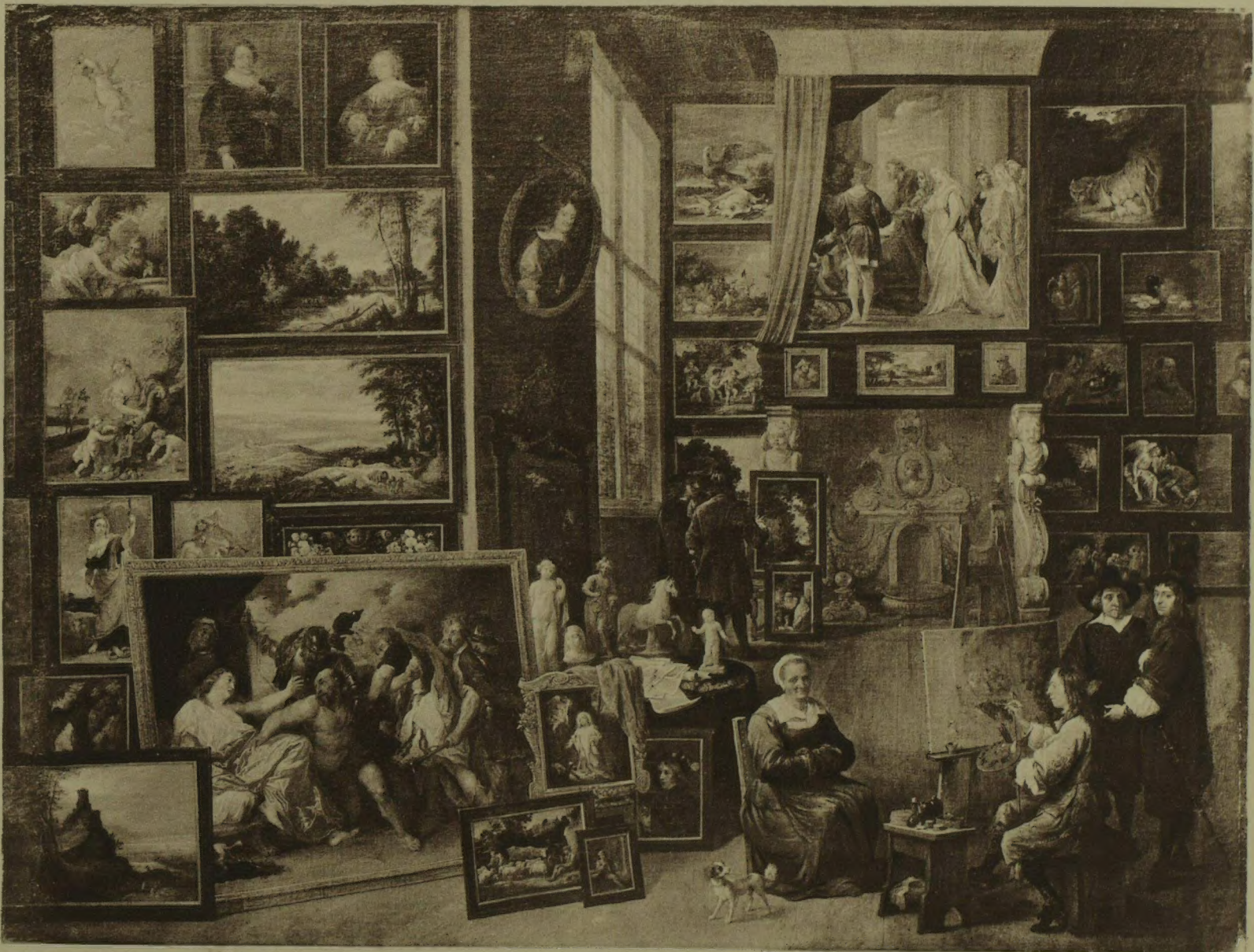
NO. 3 REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, LORD BARNARD.



1. "THE JUST JUDGES," BY GERARD DAVID: ONE OF THE WINGS (FROM ANTWERP) OF THE FAMOUS TRIPTYCH SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION COMPLETE WITH THE CENTRE PICTURE. (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



2. "MARY AND ST. JOHN APPROACHING THE SEPULCHRE," BY GERARD DAVID: THE OTHER WING OF THE TRIPTYCH SHOWN AS A WHOLE IN THE EXHIBITION AFTER LONG SEPARATION OF THE PARTS.



3. "AN ARTIST'S STUDIO," BY DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER (1610-94): A PICTURE FROM LORD BARNARD'S COLLECTION, LENT BY HIM TO THE EXHIBITION OF FLEMISH AND BELGIAN ART IN THE GALLERIES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

One of the remarkable features of the great Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art, opening at the Royal Academy on January 8, is that it brings together, for the first time within living memory, parts of various famous works that have long been separated. An interesting example of this temporary assemblage of divided sections, to form once more a complete whole, is the triptych by Gerard David, who died at Bruges in 1523 after having lived there forty years. The two side wings of the triptych (shown in illustrations Nos. 1 and 2 on this page) have been lent to the Exhibition by the Antwerp Museum of Fine Arts, and the centrepiece—"Christ Nailed to the Cross" (reproduced

on opposite page) has been lent, as a special concession, by the National Gallery in London. The whole triptych can thus be seen at Burlington House as the artist originally arranged it.—David Teniers the Younger, who is represented in the Exhibition by several other examples besides the one here given, was the son of David Teniers the Elder (1582-1649), and was born in Antwerp in 1610. He died at Brussels in 1694. A picture entitled "A Painter in his Studio" is mentioned in Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" as a work by the elder Teniers, in the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad).

A GREAT EXHIBITION "ASSEMBLED" FROM EUROPE AND

AMERICA: TREASURES OF FLEMISH ART NOW IN LONDON.



1. "THE TRINITY": BY COLIN DE COTER—THE CENTRE-PIECE OF A TRIPTYCH OF WHICH ONE WING IS SEEN IN NO. 2. (LENT BY THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)



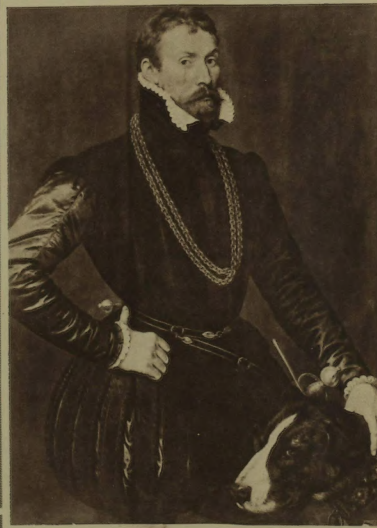
2. "THE WOMEN AT THE TOMB," BY COLIN DE COTER—A WING OF THE TRIPTYCH.



3. "THE GENEALOGY OF THE VIRGIN": BY GERARD DAVID. (LENT BY THE MUSEUM OF LYON.)



4. "THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA": A SKETCH BY RUBENS. (LENT BY THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BRUSSELS.)



5. "A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF": BY SIR ANTONIO MORO. (LENT BY EARL SPENCER.)



6. "A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE": BY JAN VAN EYCK. (LENT BY THE COMMUNAL MUSEUM, BRUGES.)



7. "HENRI, DUC DE CHEVREUSE": BY FRANS POURBUS THE YOUNGER. (LENT BY EARL SPENCER.)



8. "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD": BY HANS MEMLINC—PART OF A DIPTYCH WITH NO. 9 (LENT BY THE HOSPICE ST. JEAN, BRUGES.)



9. "MARTIN VAN NIEUWENHOVEN": BY HANS MEMLINC—PART OF THE SAME DIPTYCH (PAINTED FOR THE SITTER) AS NO. 8. (LENT BY THE HOSPICE ST. JEAN, BRUGES.)



The great Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art, on view from January 8 to March at the Royal Academy, is the outcome of four years' endeavour by the British Section of the Anglo-Belgian Union. As noted on one of the other pages devoted to it in this number, its special importance consists in the fact that it brings together, for the first time perhaps for centuries, sections of multiple works, in the form of triptychs and diptychs, which have long been separated, so that these works can now be studied in their complete form as they left the artist's hand. Another notable feature of the Exhibition is that, through the good offices of Sir Joseph Duveen, its range was extended to America, and twenty pictures have crossed the Atlantic which it was never expected to see

again in Europe. Three European Governments—those of Belgium, France, and Austria—are officially represented in the Exhibition, as well as our own National Gallery, which has departed from its usual custom of not sending pictures from the collection elsewhere. There are also many individual pictures lent by private owners, headed by the King, in this country, as well as in Denmark, Holland, and Switzerland. His Majesty has lent four pictures—two by Mabuse, an altar-piece by Van der Goes, and an interior by Gonzales Coques. The total value of the pictures exhibited is, of course, enormous, and the insurances were said, long before the assemblage was complete, to amount to more than £1,000,000.

A CULTURAL ENTENTE: FLEMISH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



1. A PORTRAIT OF AN ELDERLY LADY : BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN. (LENT BY J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JUNR., ESQ.)



2. "LIONELLO D'ESTE" : A PORTRAIT BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN. (LENT BY COLONEL MICHAEL FRIEDSAM.)



3. "ANTONY, GRAND BASTARD OF BURGUNDY" : BY VAN DER WEYDEN. (LENT BY THE BRUSSELS MUSEUM.)



4. "PENELOPE, WIFE OF WILLIAM, SECOND LORD SPENCER" : BY VAN DYCK. (LENT BY EARL SPENCER.)



5. A PORTRAIT OF A MAN : BY JAN MOSTAERT. (LENT BY THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BRUSSELS)



6. VAN DYCK'S "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA AND GEOFFREY HUDSON" : (LENT BY LORD NORTHBROOK.)



7. "PHILIPPE DE CROY" : BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN. (LENT BY THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, ANTWERP.)



8. "ST. VICTOR WITH A DONOR" : BY HUGO VAN DER GOES. (LENT BY THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY.)



9. "MARGUERITE OF AUSTRIA" : BY BERNARD VAN ORLEY. (LENT BY DR. DELPORTE OF BRUSSELS.)

One of the most interesting and important art exhibitions ever held in England is that of Flemish and Belgian Art, from 1350 to 1900, which opens on January 8 at the Royal Academy and will continue into March. It has been organised by the British section of the Anglo-Belgian Union with the aid of the Belgian Government and many public and private owners of pictures. The object was twofold—to strengthen the cultural *entente* between the two countries, and to show that Belgium had succeeded in preserving her art treasures through the war. Roger Van der Weyden's portrait of Lionello d'Este (No. 2 above) is of great historical importance. It is known that Roger went to Rome in 1450 for the jubilee of Pope Nicholas V. It is

reported that he went to Ferrara to the Court of Lionello d'Este. No. 3 was long considered to be a portrait of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Nos. 4 and 6 were painted after 1352, during Van Dyck's second stay in England, and are in the master's last style. No. 7 (Philippe de Croy) was originally half of a diptych, the second part representing the Virgin and Child. It has been possible to bring together again at the Exhibition the portrait belonging to the Antwerp Museum and the "Madonna," which has been lent by Mr. Archer Huntington, U.S.A. Bernard Van Orley (represented in No. 9, was Court Painter to Margaret of Austria, who acted as the Governor of the Netherlands under Charles V.

TYPICAL OF THE TYROL DISASTER: SKI-ERS AND THE AVALANCHE PERIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THE LEFT BY I.B.



AFTER AN AVALANCHE SIMILAR TO THAT IN WHICH SIX ENGLISH SKI-ERS RECENTLY PERISHED: DIGGING OUT A COMPANION BURIED IN SNOW NEAR AROSA.



THE SKI-ER'S CHIEF PERIL ON THE UPPER SLOPES OF THE ALPS: A JUMBLE OF CAKED ICE AND SNOW AFTER A RECENT AVALANCHE AT AROSA, IN SWITZERLAND.



ON AN EXPEDITION LIKE THE FATAL ONE NEAR ZÜRS: THE LEADING SKI-ER OF A PARTY, HEAVILY LADEN, LEAVING A DEEP TRENCH IN THE SNOW ON HIGH SLOPES NEAR CHAMONIX: (BELOW) SKI-ERS ROUND A FIRE IN A MOUNTAIN SHELTER AT NIGHT.

From these photographs it is possible to realise something of the conditions in which the terrible skiing disaster occurred, on New Year's Day, near Zürs, in the Arlberg district of the Austrian Tyrol, where six English ski-ers (including a woman) lost their lives, as well as the guide and two members of another party of German tourists. Two Englishwomen were reported to have been saved. Our illustrations do not, of course, represent the actual event. Those on the left show a recent avalanche at Arosa in Switzerland, while that on the right was taken on the high slopes above Chamonix. A vivid account of the Zürs accident given in the "Telegraph" says: "Had it not been that a local bank clerk was on ski on the opposite side of the valley, probably not a soul would have survived. He was interested by the two little groups traversing the steep snowclad slope at a height of 6000 ft. As a native, he knew that the weather had changed, and as the *foehn* (warm southerly) wind had set in, they were running unusual risks. His attention was suddenly diverted by a sound like the distant rumbling of thunder, and he noticed that the snow cornice had broken away many hundreds of feet higher up the mountain, and was descending with ever-increasing speed on the doomed ski-ers. The mass of snow which fell is said to have been 800 yards long, fifty broad, and eight deep. The avalanche swept over the skiers." The bank clerk hurried to Zürs for help.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is the custom, in January, to speculate on the prospects of the coming year. In collecting a little batch of books about Europe, I recall an instance of poetical prognostications in those lines of Præd on "Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine"—

Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her.

Nor would it be difficult to adapt the concluding couplet of the same stanza to the present time, as thus—

And in much the same fix as in twenty-six
We shall be in Twenty-seven.

Some inkling of the future, perhaps, may be guessed from books on the immediate past. I have several before me, for example, which throw considerable light on recent years in Russia, Italy, Austria, and Finland. Distinctly lurid is the light shed on Russia in "ONCE I HAD A HOME": The Diary and Narrative of Nadejda, Lady of Honour to the late Empress Alexandrovna Feodorovna and the Empress Maria Feodorovna of Russia (Duckworth; 16s.). "Nadejda" is an incognito, we are told, which there are urgent reasons for preserving.

The book relates vividly the experiences of a society girl caught in the toils of the Revolution, and is addressed to British men and women as a warning against Bolshevik propaganda. "In publishing it," she writes, "I risk my life. . . . You look upon men who sound a warning as 'Alarmists.' So did we. We laughed at them. . . . You say: 'It is a free country, let them talk; England is too solid, too sensible to be infected.' . . . I say: 'Crush Red Socialism or it will destroy you.'"

If half the things Nadejda tells are true, it is easy to understand these fervid italics, for the book contains tales of murder and torture enough to make the angels weep. At the same time, through all the story of her own perils and adventures, and ultimate escape from the Crimea in a British war-ship, there is a sense of buoyant high spirits; and she ends on a note of optimism. "We were now close to the *Marlborough*, which was bound direct for Malta. . . . A lonely black-robed figure appeared on deck. It was the Empress. . . . We gathered together and broke into our national hymn, 'God Save Our Tsar' . . . Home, country, fortune, all were gone: exile and death our portion; yet as I listened it came to me that massacre and persecution cannot destroy the soul of a people."

The figure that inspired this flow of patriotism was the Tsar's mother and our late Queen Alexandra's sister, whose life-story is told in "THE EMPRESS MARIE OF RUSSIA AND HER TIMES," by Vladimir Poliakov; illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 21s.). Here, too, is described her departure from the Crimea, after months of peril, culminating in an abortive Bolshevik attempt to kill her and other imperial refugees. "Marie Feodorovna in this moment of supreme danger remained quite cool and declared that nobody would dare to raise his hand against her." She was also the means of saving many lives. When in April 1919 the British battle-ship arrived to take her to England, she "demanded that a number of Russians, who certainly would have suffered at the hands of the Bolsheviks, should be allowed to accompany her on board . . . and refused to budge without her friends."

Just before the revolution of 1917, the Empress Marie had striven in vain to counteract the evil influences of Rasputin, which brought to ruin her son, Nicholas II., and his wife. Not less interesting is the record of her earlier days at the Russian Court, in the time of Alexander II. and her own husband, Alexander III. It was in those days of Nihilist outrages, of terrorism and tyranny, that the seeds of the great Russian tragedy were sown. Alexander III. received a prophetic warning of what was to come. "If a general revolution," wrote Mme. Tzebrikova, "which could overthrow the throne, is as yet remote, still district mutinies are more than possible. . . . You are an autocratic Tsar. . . . One word from you can cause throughout Russia a revolution which will leave a bright trace in history. If, instead, you choose to leave a dark trace, you will not hear the curses of posterity; but your children will hear them, and you are leaving them a terrible heritage." The Empress interceded on behalf of the Emperor's daring correspondent, and saved her from severe punishment.

Certainly Lenin and his followers had fertile ground for sowing revolution on Russian soil. They were less

successful in Finland, where General Mannerheim, with German aid, subdued the "Reds," after a bitter civil war. The tale of these events forms one of the later chapters in "SUOMI: THE LAND OF THE FINNS," by A. MacCallum Scott, illustrated (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.). With regard to atrocities, he expresses a view which probably applies to any country. "It is one of the horrors of civil war that all the restraints of law are broken up. All sorts of criminals and degenerates seize the opportunity to gratify their natural instincts. Both sides in the struggle of conflicting ideals get blamed for the horrid deeds of these bandits."

Mr. MacCallum Scott writes of war and revolution only incidentally. His object has been rather to interpret the spirit of Finland, and to set forth the scenes and historic attractions of the Baltic, which in summer "has a riviera whose natural delights rival those of the Mediterranean." He extols the creative energy of Gothic blood in the Finns, and their contribution to European culture. "That," he says, "is the principal theme of this book, running through

Fascist régime.

While naturally of a partisan type, and likely to provoke disagreement, it is marked by a calm, dispassionate tone, and affords much insight into recent Italian history.

Don Sturzo gives a mordant character-sketch of Mussolini, and draws a parallel between him and Lenin. "Only one difference," he says, "is to be noticed between Russia and Italy—that Bolshevism is a Communist dictatorship, or Fascism of the Left, and Fascism is a Conservative dictatorship, or Bolshevism of the Right." He himself is all for democracy and for Italy as "a great pacific nation," while on the Continent as a whole he desires "a Confederation of the European States, to-day exclusive of Russia," a friendly coalition of civilised peoples on the lines of the British Empire.

Discussing Italy's foreign relations, Don Sturzo contends that "after the war she should have taken her place in the inter-State system of the ex-Austrian States," and that "in time it will become necessary to choose between the union of Austria and Germany and a Danubian Confederation." He opposes the Fascist dreams of imperialistic expansion. "If among the many lands that once formed part of Italy there is one with any real value it would be Malta; but for Italy to claim Malta would . . . plunge her into a formidable anti-British struggle." This passage brings me to two other books which throw a "spot light," so to speak, on those parts of the European scene—"THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN AUSTRIA," by C. A. Macartney (Cambridge University Press; 8s. 6d.), and "MALTA AND ME," by Eric Shepherd, illustrated (Selwyn and Blount; 18s.).

Mr. Macartney, who has spent some five years in the Austrian Republic, offers his work as "an impartial survey of what Austrian Socialism is, what it has attempted and what accomplished." The Austrian Socialists are not Bolsheviks. When their leaders declined to join Communism, "Moscow issued a violent letter denouncing the 'social traitors.'" Post-war Austria, it appears, came into being unwillingly, and does not quite know whether she can continue to exist. "Her ideal would be," we read in a passage that seems to agree with Don Sturzo's ideas, "not a political union with any neighbours . . . but a closest possible economic union. And little by little the nations of Central Europe, Italy included, are moving in that direction." One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on the mentality of the Jews.

Mr. Eric Shepherd, who went out to Malta as Professor of English at the University, and as a preliminary "got married," describes his experiences—educational and social—during some three years on the island, with an audacious vivacity that reminds me of Mr. Beverley Nichols's "Woad" papers in the *Sketch*. In teaching English to Maltese students Mr. Shepherd found himself "up against" Italianist sentiment and propaganda, and his class was at first refractory. British rule, he thinks, is almost too benevolent. "The Maltese say they have a 'cultural affinity' with Italy and a preference for the Italian language. We

admit the first, and respect the second. A highly placed British official, in my time, actually learnt Italian in order not to grate on the Italophile ear! Napoleon would have given the Italophile ear a sound French box, just as the Fascist Italians are doing to the Germanophile ear in the Tyrol."

I conclude with two excellent little pocket volumes for tourists—"ALL AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN," by Warren H. Miller, illustrated (Appleton; 5s.), and "THE TRAVELLER'S HANDBOOK TO HOLLAND," by Roy Elston, with maps and plans (Simpkin Marshall and Thomas Cook and Son; 5s.). Mr. Warren Miller has mastered the art of blending historical facts with practical information and fusing the whole into a chatty and picturesque description. He includes the Asian and African, as well as the European, shores of "the tideless dolorous midland sea," and also the Atlantic islands. In piloting visitors through Holland, Mr. Roy Elston has likewise provided a very readable running commentary, enlivened by anecdotes, on its historic associations and artistic treasures. "There is no reason," he says, "why even a guide-book editor should not, at decent intervals, relax his cautious and colourless impartiality." I shall put his guide-book in my pocket if ever a time comes for me to "take my book" to Holland. C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Amateur Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Ethnology are of equal value. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in both these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the globe fail to equip themselves with cameras, and these, in particular, we wish to inform that we are glad to consider any photographs—not only those which deal with subjects of current interest, but also those which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

It is well known that "The Illustrated London News" treats all branches of Science in a more extensive way than any other illustrated weekly. Therefore, we urge our readers to send us not only sketches and photographs of important events throughout the globe, but also any photographs of scientific or artistic interest.

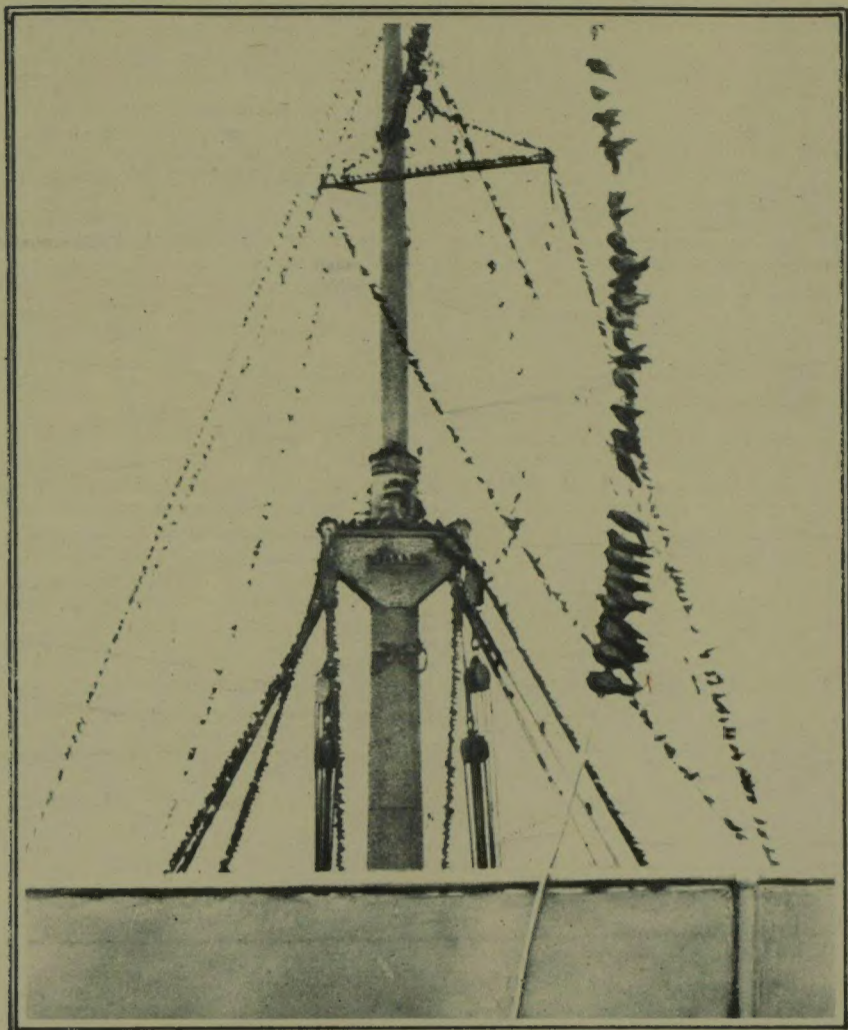
We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any such contributions not being found suitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, place such contributions in the hands of a reputable distributing agency in order that they may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

It like the plot of a novel. . . . These chapters are literary, artistic, political, historical, topographical, and personal. . . . It follows no itinerary, yet it aims at being a travel book, with the freshness of things actually seen and experienced." The result is a work of singular charm. On the literary side we get traces of George Borrow's interest in the Finnish language and legends, and an account of the origin of the Finnish national epic, "The Kalevala." It was composed from hundreds of traditional songs, by Elias Lönnrot, son of a village tailor, and was first published in 1835. Lönnrot, we read, "took what he wanted wherever he found it," after the manner of Homer as described by Kipling—

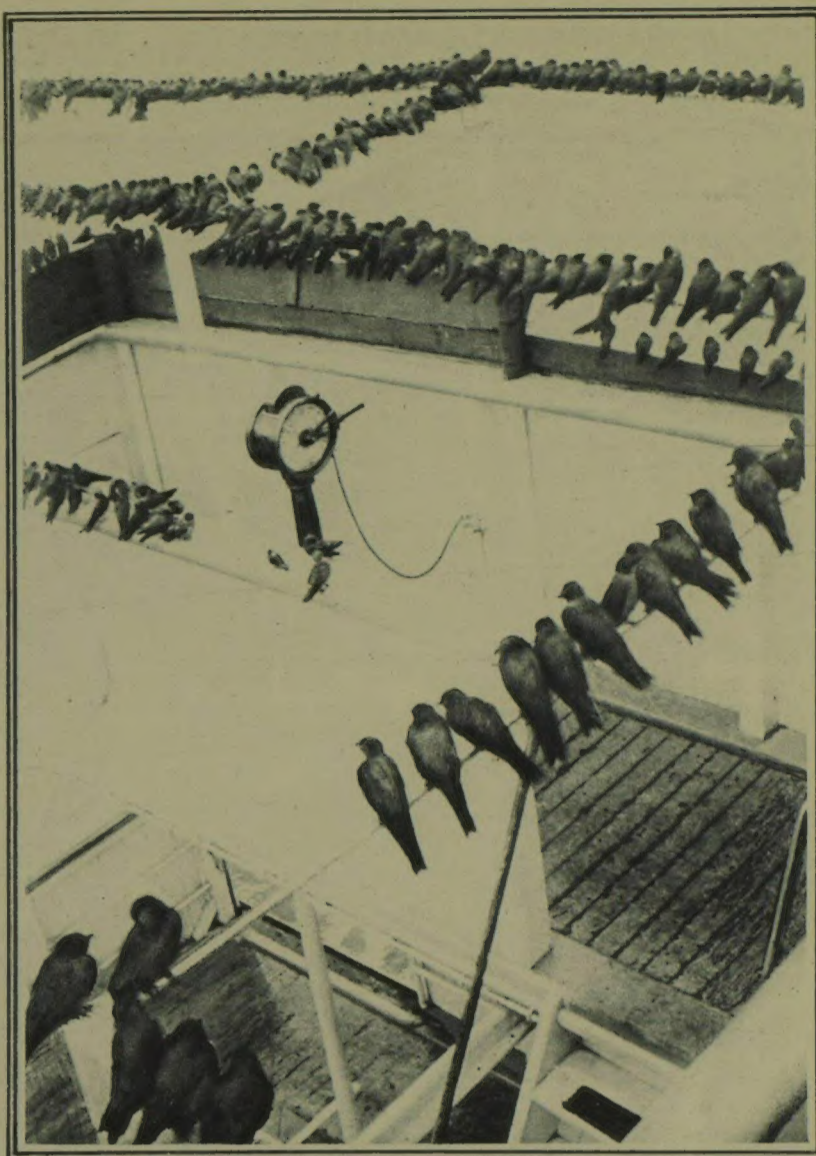
And what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went and took—the same as me.

From the poetry and revolutions of the North, I turn now to "the warm South" and another book of political controversy—"ITALY AND FASCISM," by Luigi Sturzo, translated by Barbara Barclay Carter, with a preface by Gilbert Murray, D.Litt., illustrated (Faber and Gwyer; 15s.). The author, who is a Catholic priest, is the leader of the Italian Popular Party (Popolari), "founded in 1919 to support a Wilsonian and League of Nations policy, opposing both Reaction and Revolution." Like "Nadejda," he is in exile, and, according to Professor Gilbert Murray, is in some danger of his life. His book, however, is not a personal chronicle, but a reasoned condemnation of the

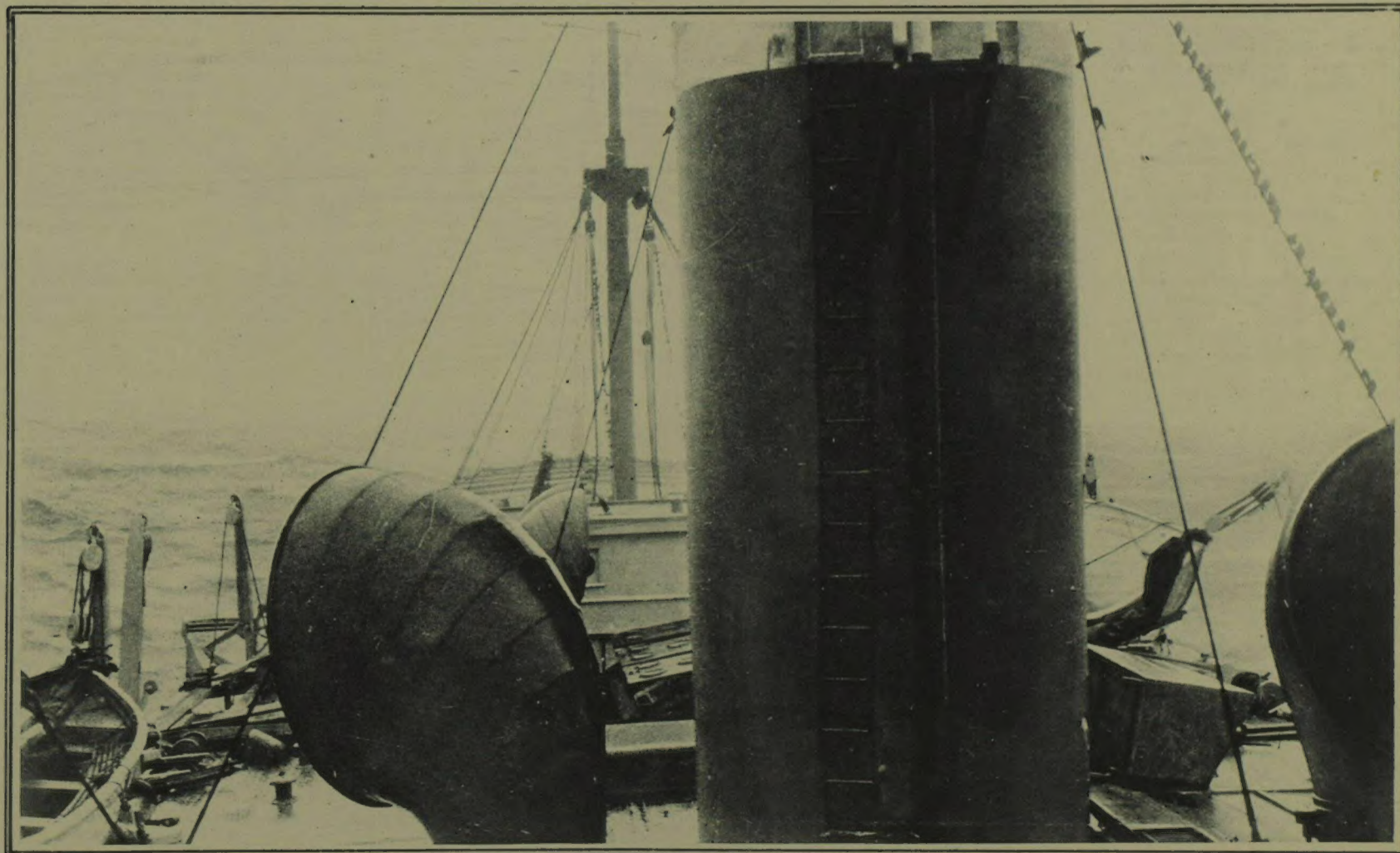
A SHIP "DRESSED" WITH BIRDS: WINGED REFUGEES IN A CYCLONE.



LOOKING AS IF "DRESSED" WITH BUNTING FOR A FESTIVE OCCASION: THE MASTS AND RIGGING OF A SHIP COVERED WITH BIRDS TAKING REFUGE FROM A CYCLONE.



UNUSUAL PASSENGERS ON A STEAMER IN THE GULF OF MEXICO: PART OF A GREAT SWARM OF SWIFTS GATHERED FOR REFUGE ON THE "WEST QUECHEE."



COMPARATIVE SAFETY IN THE "EYE OF THE TEMPEST"—A GLEAM OF BLUE SKY ABOVE RELATIVELY CALM WATER IN THE CENTRE OF A TERRIFIC CYCLONE: THE DECK OF THE "WEST QUECHEE"—SHOWING (IN RIGHT BACKGROUND) SOME OF THE NUMEROUS REFUGEE BIRDS IN THE RIGGING.

"Aerial whirlwinds always turning in the same direction," says a French writer describing these remarkable photographs, "often start in certain regions of the globe, as the Antilles, the China Seas, the Gulf of Bengal, the Sea of Oman, the Pacific, and the Indian Ocean. Their diameter may be little more than 300 miles, or even less, at the moment of their formation. The wind, which can attain a speed of nearly 200 ft. a second (over 125 miles an hour), increases in intensity from the periphery to near the centre, where it suddenly drops, and in an area of about 30 miles there reigns a disquieting calm, where

through a heavy layer of nimbus the blue sky actually appears. That is called by the sailors the 'eye of the tempest.' It is in this comparative calm atmosphere that a flight of swifts took refuge on the steamer as shown in the photographs. The boat was the 'West Quechee,' overtaken by a cyclone in the Gulf of Mexico on August 25 last while bound from Galveston to Hamburg. Though the atmosphere is comparatively calm, however, the sea, on the contrary, reverberates with a dangerous swell, powerful enough to cause terrible tide races thousands of miles away."—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. THIERRY.]

AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS AND COMMEMORATIVE OCCASIONS.



1. THE PREMIER OF EGYPT OPENS A NEW STATION AT ASSUAN ON THE EXTENSION OF THE LINE TO LUXOR: ADLY PASHA (SALUTING) WITH HIS CABINET MINISTERS ON THE PLATFORM.



2. SHOWING THE HOTELS WHERE THE SIX ENGLISH VICTIMS OF THE RECENT AVALANCHE HAD BEEN STAYING: THE VILLAGE OF ZÜRS, A SKI-ING CENTRE IN THE ARLBERG DISTRICT OF THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.



4. THE BI-CENTENARY OF GENERAL WOLFE'S BIRTH: THE VICARAGE AT WESTERHAM IN WHICH THE EVENT TOOK PLACE UNEXPECTEDLY ON JANUARY 2, 1727.



3. THE SCENE OF GENERAL WOLFE'S CROWNING EXPLOIT AND DEATH: QUEBEC FROM THE RIVER, SHOWING (ON LEFT) THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM SCALED BY HIS TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE.



5. THE CONQUEROR OF CANADA COMMEMORATED IN HIS NATIVE TOWN: THE STATUE OF GENERAL JAMES WOLFE AT WESTERHAM, SHOWING ALSO THE OLD GRASSHOPPER INN.



6. TO BE GIVEN TO THE NATION BY MR. T. R. PARKINGTON: WILLY LOTT'S COTTAGE AT EAST BERGHOLT, SUFFOLK, ASSOCIATED WITH THE ART OF CONSTABLE.



7. AS CONSTABLE SAW IT: WILLY LOTT'S COTTAGE (ON THE LEFT) IN HIS FAMOUS LANDSCAPE, "THE HAYWAIN," NOW IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In connection with the extension of the railway from Assuan to Luxor (the centre for visits to Tutankhamen's Tomb), a new railway station was recently opened at Assuan. The ceremony was performed by the Premier of Egypt, Adly Pasha, who was accompanied by all the members of the Egyptian Cabinet.—The party of English ski-ers, of whom six lost their lives in the recent avalanche (as described on page 47), had been staying at Zürs, a favourite centre for ski-ing in the Arlberg district of the Austrian Tyrol. Portraits of some of those killed are given on page 58.—The bi-centenary of the birth of General James Wolfe, the conqueror

of Canada, fell on January 2, and was commemorated by a dinner given by the Wolfe Society and attended by the Prince of Wales. Wolfe spent his early years at Quebec House, Westerham, but he was not born there, as his mother happened to be calling at the Vicarage when the event occurred. The etching of Quebec by Mr. Norman Wilkinson is published by Messrs. Dunthorne at £6 6s.—Two buildings associated with the great landscape painter John Constable—Flatford Mill and Willy Lott's Cottage at East Bergholt, Suffolk—have been acquired by Mr. T. R. Parkington, of Ipswich, for presentation to the nation.

WHERE BRITISH SAILORS HELD BARRICADES: HANKOW—A TENSE SITUATION.

UPPER LEFT PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES." THE REST BY H. J. ASMUS.



HELD TO PROTEST AGAINST BRITISH FORCES BEING SENT TO HANKOW: A GREAT DEMONSTRATION ON THE CHINESE RACE-COURSE SHORTLY BEFORE THE DATE (DECEMBER 4) FIXED FOR A GENERAL STRIKE WHICH DID NOT OCCUR—PART OF THE CROWD.



WHERE THREE CITIES HAVE BEEN COMBINED INTO A NEW NATIONALIST CAPITAL, WUHAN: A CEREMONY OF WELCOME AT HANKOW ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE CANTONESE GOVERNMENT—PART OF A HUGE CONCOURSE.



ASSEMBLED TO LISTEN TO THE ANTI-BRITISH HARANGUES OF BORODIN, THE CHIEF SOVIET EMISSARY TO CHINA: PART OF A GREAT OPEN-AIR GATHERING AT HANKOW.



MADE A K.C.M.G. IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS: SIR MILES LAMPSON, THE BRITISH MINISTER IN CHINA, ON BOARD H.M.S. "PETERSFIELD," IN THE YANGTZE AT HANKOW.



DENOUNCER OF THE BRITISH MEMORANDUM: MR. EUGENE CHEN, CANTONESE FOREIGN COMMISSAR (FURTHER FIGURE ON LEFT), GOING TO VISIT SIR MILES LAMPSON.



A SPECIAL GUARD PROVIDED FOR MR. EUGENE CHEN: (L. TO R.) MR. G. V. T. MARSHALL (SEC. HANKOW BRITISH MUNICIPAL COUNCIL), INSPECTOR PAUL (B.M. POLICE), AND SPECIAL CONSTABLES FARQUARSON, CROKER, AND McLAREN.

Disquieting news arrived on January 4 from Hankow, where the Cantonese Nationalist Government recently established a new capital, named Wuhan, and consisting of the three neighbouring cities of Hankow, Wuchang, and Hanyang. The Cantonese Foreign Commissar, Mr. Eugene Chen, denounced the conciliatory British Memorandum, which, he alleged, cloaked a policy menacing to Chinese nationalism. In a message of January 3, from Hankow, a "Times" correspondent said: "The situation here is extremely delicate, since the slightest incident might precipitate the gravest trouble. The Canton Commissioner for Foreign Affairs has been informed that he must put an end to stone-throwing and the invasion of the

Concessions by mobs, failing which the Admiral would take action. . . . Yesterday a party of uniformed men entered the grounds of the Hankow Club and began picking flowers and disporting themselves on the lawns. They were ordered out by the police, whereupon they assumed an attitude of resistance, and the police inspector drew his revolver. Fortunately, at this moment a patrol of Marines appeared and the uniformed men decamped." Later reports stated that throughout the afternoon of January 3 a British Naval force, holding a barricade on the British Bund, had been subjected to stone-throwing and rushes by a mob of Chinese, and that several of the British had been injured.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SNOW BIRDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

MOST of us, I think, cherished a hope that we should have a "white Christmas" this year; and it certainly looked as if that hope would be realised. We desired this, of course, on purely senti-

after the first fall of snow, and before it has begun to cause distress. I want to suggest that it would be well worth while to make careful note of the relative conspicuousness against the white background as between, say, starlings and thrushes and the different species of finches, as well as of larger birds. Do they, any of them, seem to make any attempt to screen themselves from the eyes of their enemies?

north, like the Polar bear, are white all the year round. The Arctic fox, the mountain hare, and the lemming are white only in winter. The Arctic fox changes, not to escape his enemies, but so that he may creep unobserved on his prey. The snowy owl (Fig. 2) is also white the year round, though here the plumage is more or less markedly barred with black, which, however, in no way interferes with the efficiency of its general coloration.



FIG. 1. BIRDS WHOSE COLORATION HAS YET TO BE EXPLAINED: SOUTH AMERICAN BLACK-NECKED SWANS.

The South American black-necked swan is pure white, save for the head and neck, which are glossy black. What relationship this coloration has to its environment has yet to be discovered.

mental grounds, for its pictorial effect, for those of us who are—let us say—of "mature years" know well that we should have regretted the fulfilment of our wishes as soon as Christmas Day was over! Our desire for snow, indeed, is now spent; but, whether this be the case or not, we are hardly likely to escape it before the winter is past. And this conviction arouses memories of the snow-clad countryside as we have seen it time and again; and the awakening of such memories recalls the effect of this glistening mantle on both plant and animal life.

There are two aspects of this picture. Those dwelling south of the Tweed, if the snow lies for more than a few days, see hordes of starving birds, some too feeble to proceed farther, others scurrying west and southward. The fieldfares and redwings, which come from regions much farther north to spend the winter with us, find their place of refuge as inhospitable as the lands they left in November. Instinctively, they seem to turn still farther south and westwards. When severe frost or snow sets in, there is always a rush for Ireland. All day long, through the falling snow, the race for life has been watched, in the case of the starling, streaming towards Kerry, whose peninsulas and islands enjoy that freedom from frost which makes them the last resort of the refugees. After the snowstorm of February 1895, the Rev. W. S. Green, on visiting the cliffs of Moher, in Clare, found cartloads of dead starlings, chiefly on the landward side of the fence that ran along the top of the cliffs. But more than this, flocks of starlings have been seen, during snowstorms, passing over Rathlin, the most western island of Donegal, and at Blackrock, west of Mayo, flying west, as though to venture over the Atlantic, having, seemingly, completely lost their bearings.

During such spells of inclement weather, it is clear that, apart from vast numbers killed by starvation, an appalling number flee, as if from some devastating fire, beyond the confines of the land, to perish in the open Atlantic. We get but occasional evidence of this, as in the case of the starlings just referred to, and in the hundreds of drowned redwings picked up off the isles of Kerry. At these times of stress, migration on an immense scale can be seen going on throughout the daylight hours, and it can be traced by the various and distinctive call-notes of birds at night, which is the usual time during which migration takes place. For only at this time, it seems, can they escape the risk of attack on their ranks by hawks and gulls. The herring-gull seems to be a particularly formidable enemy on these occasions. Observations made from light-ships show that it seldom takes the trouble to attack till the migrants are on the open sea, and at a manifold disadvantage.

It is not, however, of the birds fleeing before the snow that I want to speak, so much as those seen

Mr. Abel Chapman—a "sportsman-naturalist" of world-wide fame—tells us that the red-grouse, in Northumberland, after the first fall of snow, seem to vanish. As a matter of fact, they have not fled the country, but have burrowed beneath the snow; and so long as "the trees are dumb with snow," there they remain. As, on these wild moorlands, the snow falls gently upon the sturdy heather-plants, these heavy birds easily and quickly form a network of tunnels amid the plants, which afford them at



FIG. 2. AKIN TO THE BIRDS THAT RECENTLY TOOK REFUGE ON ATLANTIC LINERS: THE SNOWY OWL.

The snowy owl, also an Arctic circumpolar species, is mostly white, the dark markings being inappreciable. It comes South with some frequency in winter, sometimes appearing even in England, Norfolk being the most favoured county. It feeds, in the far North, as the Greenland falcon.

Photographs by Mr. D. Seth Smith.

the same time food as usual, added to which are stores of blueberries. Under the snow lies their food, and under the snow they are safe from their arch-enemy, the peregrine, whereas above it they would be an easy mark.

When we shift our survey to latitudes farther north, where snow lies deep for months, matters assume a very different complexion. The willow-grouse, or ripa, of Northern Europe, during the winter months, dons a pure white plumage; and so, also, does our ptarmigan. This, we assume, and seem justified in assuming, is in direct response to the need of a protectively-coloured dress, a mantle of invisibility to enable the wearer to escape its enemies. In support of this interpretation is the fact that most of the northern animals turn white in winter, and some, living farthest

The willow-grouse, it is to be noted, on the extremes of its northern range, is white all the year round, save that it develops, during the summer months, a few scattered dark-red feathers, such as form the complete dress of its more southern relatives in summer, and in our red-grouse the year round. These odd red feathers are the last relics of a once uniform summer dress, gradually discarded as the range northward extended. The quill, or flight-feathers, of the willow-grouse are always, and everywhere, white, and this is the chief difference between this bird and our grouse. The change, where this is made, from a dark-red, or brown, coloration, to a vestment of white, is evidently a congenital—that is to say, inherent physiological—process, induced by consistent and unceasing periodic changes of temperature extending over countless generations. That is, it is not immediately induced by a "cold snap." This much is shown in the case of the lemming; for, if the fur of this animal in the dark autumn pelage be examined, the tops of the incoming pelage, or winter fur, will be seen everywhere—the white hairs have come into being before the appearance of the snow.

I would fain say more on this theme, but I must leave space wherein to draw attention to some cases of white liveries which are not to be attributed to the need for harmonisation with a snow-covered landscape. The white goshawk, for example, which ranges from Tasmania to South Australia, and northwards into Papuaia, is pure white, save for the yellow cere round the base of the beak, which is black, and the eyes, which are pink. Another hawk, *Leucopternis ghielbrechti*, a native of Mexico, is pure white, save the wing-quills and a bar across the tail, which are black. And we have yet another raptorial bird which has a white plumage, in the Egyptian vulture.

All the swans, the world over, are white, save the Australian swan, which is black, and the black-necked swan (Fig. 1), ranging from South Brazil and Chile to Patagonia and the Falklands. Even the strangely goose-like coscoroba swan (Fig. 3) of Southern America is white. Finally, one of the South American bell-birds is white. And so, then, while we can be quite justified in regarding a white dress as a specially developed and protective dress in all cases where it is associated with a long winter season with an unvarying mantle of snow, there are other factors inducing whiteness which have clearly nothing to do with snow, and are still to be sought for.

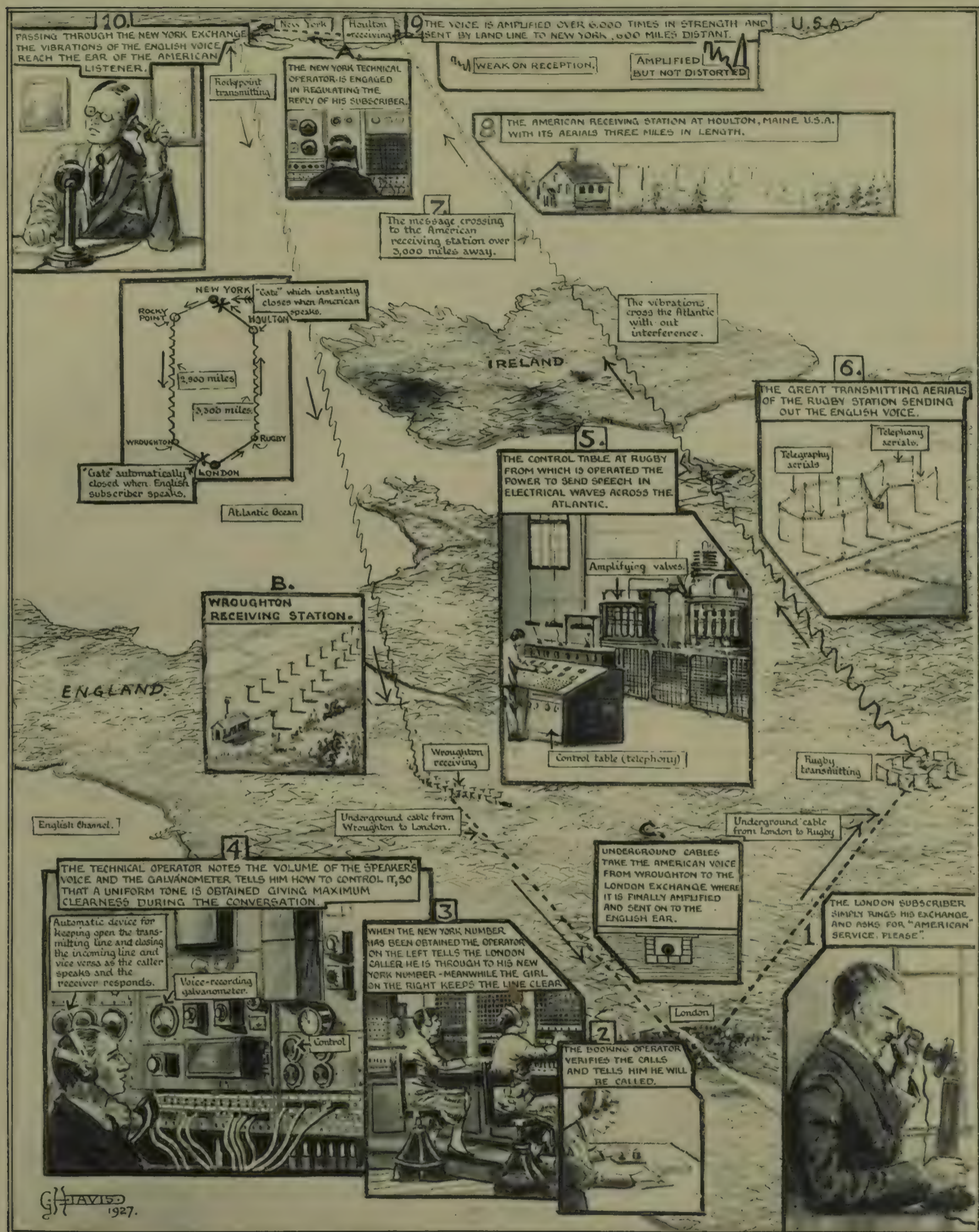


FIG. 3. NOT "PROTECTIVELY" WHITE: THE COSCOROBA SWAN OF SOUTH AMERICA—A UNIQUE SPECIES.

The goose-like coscoroba swan is pure white, but not for the sake of harmonising with a snow-covered landscape. In all other swans there is a bare patch of gaily-coloured skin between the eye and the beak. It is the absence of this, perhaps more than anything else, which disguises its true nature.

HULLO, NEW YORK! A "MIRACLE" FOR THE TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.



HOW THE LONDON TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBER WILL "GET" NEW YORK: WONDERS OF THE NEW TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONY.

In a few days the ordinary telephone subscriber in London will be able to ring up and chat with a person in New York, over 3000 miles away. This page explains simply how such wizardry is accomplished. Commencing at the bottom right-hand corner, we see the London subscriber asking for "American Service, please," and then by following the numbers onward we notice how the call is booked and put through. The call goes by cable to the great English transmitting station at Rugby. Here it is transferred to wireless and flung out into space. Crossing the Atlantic it reaches the receiving station at Houlton, Maine, U.S.A., and thence goes by cable to New York. The message passes through the right exchange, and the person called is obtained. It is then that the English subscriber is advised that his call is ready. As

he commences to speak, the technical operator (No. 4) watches the flickering needle of the voice-recording galvanometer, and regulates the wonderful mechanism so that the speaker's voice, whether loud or weak, gives maximum volume, and is uniform and distinct. As the message proceeds on its way, it is amplified at various points. A wonderful device automatically closes (as if a gate were opened and shut) the return line when the English caller is speaking, and does the same to the outgoing line when the person called replies. This avoids what is called "Singing round the loop." Previously, words uttered at Rugby were picked up at Wroughton and transmitted along the land line back to Rugby. The minimum three-minute call to New York will cost £15.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A BUNCH OF HOLIDAY FROLICS.

ITALIA CONTI'S delightful production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Winter Garden is a feast of fairies. Excellent as is the sextet of "clowns," admirable the quartet of lovers, the fairies, beneath the sceptre of the finest Oberon I have ever seen, dominated and pervaded the exquisite fantasy to such a degree that we were

dogs; a strong woman breaking chains and letting a dozen stalwarts walk over her body as if it were the span of a bridge; acrobats galore; clowns in shoals, trying to be funny in the old-world way—*enfin*, an endless reel of revels evoking thunders of applause. But next to Mr. Mills and Lord Lonsdale, Charlie Chaplin of the Rivelts Trio is the hero of the afternoon. In his antics he is almost a facsimile of the real Charlie—as an acrobat this Schlemihl, who seems to do everything wrong twice over, is an artist—without the "e"—to his finger-tips. He is a master of the law of gravity, and his every turn and tumble is a rare admixture of adroitness and of humour.

"Happy - Go - Lucky," by Harry M. Vernon, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, was rightly named, for not only the hero, but the whole entertainment, was happy-go-lucky, a sort of come-and-go-as-you-please affair. Never mind the plot as long as there is a lot of noise, dancing, and singing. The Kit-Cat Club Band jazzed away the whole time, sometimes tuneful, sometimes very brassy, but always jolly. Hardly what is understood by a musical play, but one is used to surprises. The consoling note was June in December, June the graceful nymph, the typical English beauty with her languorous

realises what an immense amount of work is entailed till all is perfect. Certainly Messrs. Melville can be proud of this year's entertainment, for it never drags, in spite of its length, and the scenes are kaleidoscopic in their beauty of colour and lighting effects. Special mention should be made of the charming suite, "The Spider and the Fly," danced by Miss Terri Storri and M. Jean Perrie—two clever young artists.

I can well imagine that Mr. John Drinkwater worked his pretty embroidery on the old fairy tale "Puss in Boots" fifteen years ago. It is essentially young in spirit and expression, and therefore pleases the children, who understand every word of it. The house was full of the tiniest little tots, and it was a treat to hear them crow and scream and laugh, to see their little eyes aglitter, to behold them nestling by their parents and whispering into their happy ears how they enjoyed themselves. The first act was a little slow; it was as if we saw the poetic mind of the author curbing itself to the task of wiping away time and experience and to let himself go. He seems to take pains to delineate the characters of Puss and Ass and the three heirs of the farm. But in the Ogre's lair things began to hum. There they were in three cages, the two naughty brothers, the other prisoners and the Darling Princess. But Billikat was there, and when he "spoofed" the ogre into the transformation first of a lion and then of a mouse, and swallowed him up, there was no end of joy in the house. Children have a rare sense of justice! At length came the court scene, where the King honoured the pseudo-Marquis of Carabas for his prowess and his wealth, and listened in kindly spirit to the confession of John's pious fraud and Puss's machiavellian diplomacy. He was a wise and kind King, and so—at the banquet that made our mouths water, and after a dance of delightful sylphs—he, as fond of adventure as the Cat and Carabas, sanctioned the union of loving hearts and made us all feel happy ever after. But it was not only the tale that spelt charm, it was in the telling by the actors. They were a merry crew. Even the Ogre of Mr. Frank Cochrane was gay as Falstaff in the "Merry Wives." The Cat of Mr. Norman Page was a capital "fifty-fifty" of a nimble quadruped. The Princess of



"YELLOW SANDS," AT THE HAYMARKET: (L. TO R.) UNCLE DICK (MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE), ARTHUR (MR. RALPH RICHARDSON), AUNT JENIFER (MISS SUSAN RICHMOND), THOMAS MAJOR (MR. EDWARD PETLEY), AND MARY VARWELL (MISS AMY VENESS), IN ACT I.

Photographs by Lenare.

aware of them behind the tree-trunks, behind the pillars, beneath the benches of Quince's "best parlour," even when we saw them not. And this is surely the greatest compliment that could be paid to Miss Conti's artistry. She seems to have an intimate knowledge of the ways of the fairy-folk. These little pupils of hers, from whose ranks scores of child-players and elves and dancers have been drawn year after year, have a lightness, an ease, a gaiety that bear eloquent testimony to the method and the inspiration of her teaching. In the charmed forest-glade, with white moon-daisies like snow-drifts between the tree-trunks, the quarrels of Oberon and his offended Queen, the mischievous pranks of Puck, were quickened into delicate vitality by Miss Conti's fairies and Mr. Ion Swinley's truly royal Oberon. On the side of the mortals, the very personable Bully Bottom of Mr. Sam Livesey, and Mr. Lyall Swete's unctuous Quince, with Mr. Douglas Phair's pathetically funny Starveling, carried off the honours. Little Brian Glennie repeated his triumph as a nimble-footed, quick-witted, humorous Puck, and Miss Grace Seppings made a graceful Titania. The only fault I have to find with the fairy-folk is that Miss Seppings differed entirely in make-up from Mr. Swinley. Surely if Oberon is a creature of pale-gold and silver, a supernatural being who fades into a moonbeam as he withdraws into the forest, his royal lady should not be of the pink-and-white mortal variety, with a rose in her blonde hair? Miss Seppings would have been at home in any drawing-room; Mr. Swinley was as remote as the moon itself. No wonder the couple quarrelled.

Re-enters the Circus (at Olympia) with all the glittering and glory, with Bertram Mills the indefatigable, and Lord Lonsdale, aptly toasted as "the first sportsman in England," and perhaps in the world, as bannermen. Thousands await them in the arena, and among the throng a little army of children, Mills's guests, whom he loves. Whenever a lady does a turn his Lordship proffers a bouquet with the courtliness and smile of a true *grand seigneur*. His is the most popular figure. The programme is a plethora of circus prowess. Magnificent horses dancing to the wand—a whip he never uses—of Mr. Ernest Schumann; a dear little elephant presented by a dearer little girl, riding a bicycle like a champion; dauntless riders, the Casi family, bestriding a stalwart horse, all the eight of them, like the children of Hemon; amiable lions corybanting to the gentle monitions of Hagenbeck; frolicsome

grace and elegant ball-room dancing. Everyone was glad to welcome her again. Then there was Roy Royston with his delightful voice, acting the harum-scarum to the life; and Billy Taylor, a young American with the most nimble and agile legs, which formed Chinese puzzles with whirlwind speed. Last, and not least, Marion Saki, whose breathless acrobatic dancing amazed us. She rightly deserved the storms of applause her extraordinary art won for her. She is also American and full of "pep." The plot is weak, but certainly breaks away from the traditional musical comedy. There is one delightful tune by Tom Johnstone, "When You Smile." Let's hope it will keep the audiences smiling far into the New Year.

There is nothing on earth more beautiful than the laughter of children. This was the greatest impression left as we came away from "The Sleeping Beauty" at the Lyceum, full of visions of lovely fairy glades, wonderful palaces, ballets galore, acrobats (the famous Boganny Troupe), and an amusing book by Leedham Bantock. The humour was in the hands of Jack Barty, and well placed with him, for his hearty personality made for mirth every time he appeared. Then we had a principal boy—or rather, Prince—whom we are wont to associate with more serious work—namely, Miss Madeleine Seymour. She was a really aristocratic Prince, tall, handsome, and graceful, with a winning charm. Opposite her, as they say in the "movies," was Miss Margaret Jarvis as the Princess, dainty and pretty, and a perfect picture when cast under the spell of the wicked witch, excellently and diabolically portrayed by Mr. Frank Attree. Pantomimes are always wonderful things, and even to grown-ups they are full of surprises. Even now one is amazed at the ingenuity of the transformation scenes, and one



AFTER AUNT JENIFER'S SURPRISING WILL HAS BEEN READ: (L. TO R.) UNCLE DICK (MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE) SALUTING HER MEMORY; LYDIA BLAKE (MISS MURIEL HEWITT), JOE'S SWEETHEART; AND JOE VARWELL (MR. FRANK VOSPER), THE WOULD-BE BOLSHEVIST—IN "YELLOW SANDS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Yellow Sands," by Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts, is another example of the delicious Devonshire comedy with which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has familiarised us in "The Farmer's Wife." The story concerns the expectations of the Varwell family from the will of Aunt Jenifer, and its unexpected contents. Among the principal characters are her brother, the bibulous Uncle Dick; her nephew Joe, a would-be Bolshevik with a kind heart; Joe's sweetheart, Lydia; Mary Varwell, the village scandal-monger; and Thomas Major, the fisherman. The ghost of Aunt Jenifer seen in the second photograph does not appear on the stage.

Miss Primrose Morgan was as pretty and fascinating as her floral Christian name. And Miss Jill Esmond Moore—a wonderful twin personality of her gifted, parents—was so distinguished, so graceful, so appealing in the confession of her heroic imposture, that the audience rose to her.

"A Glorious Hunting Day": Sport in the Home Counties.

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OUT WITH THE OLD BERKELEY: A DAY WITH THE HISTORIC HUNT WHOSE TERRITORY EXTENDS INTO HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, AND MIDDLESEX.



THE HUNTSMAN AT A DOUBTFUL TURN: HOUNDS THROWN OUT AND PICKING UP A FAINT LINE, WHILE THE FIELD FOLLOWS, AWAITING EVENTS.

The famous Old Berkeley Hunt dates from the eighteenth century, and its country, which lies in Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Middlesex, covers something like a hundred square miles. It includes both pasture and plough, in almost equal proportions, and a great deal of woodland. The principal centres are

Amersham, Chesham, Missenden, Watford, and Rickmansworth. Up to 1801 the country was hunted by successive Earls of Berkeley; after that a subscription pack was formed. At various periods the hunt was separated into west and east divisions, but was finally reunited in 1918.

"The Subtle Hound Scours with Sagacious Nose along the Field": A Woodland Hunt in Wiltshire.

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HUNTING A FAMOUS WILTSHIRE WOODLAND IN THE TEDWORTH COUNTRY: HOUNDS PICKING UP THE SCENT IN SAVERNAKE FOREST.

The country of the Tedworth Hunt, which was started in 1826 by Mr. Assheton Smith, lies in Wiltshire and Hampshire, and consists largely of downs. It adjoins that of several other packs, among them the Craven, the Wilton, and the Avon Vale. The Master of the Tedworth is Mr. A. Kenneth Kemble, who is also Huntsman. Savernake Forest is included in the Tedworth territory, and is also hunted by the Tedworth Woodland, a private pack of more recent origin.

"Baily's Hunting Directory" for 1925-6 says: "The Tedworth Woodland Hunt dates from 1923, when Mr. W. J. Yorke-Scarlett collected a pack, and by permission of the Masters and Committees of the Tedworth and Vine Hunts, jointly hunted with them the big woodlands, viz., Savernake Forest, Collingbourne Wood, and Harewood Forest (Wherwell Wood). Lady Yarrow became Joint Master with him in 1924, and the pack is kept up entirely at their expense."

Hunting near London: Sport in Hertfordshire and Surrey.

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OVER THE LANE: A TYPICAL HUNTING SCENE IN HERTFORDSHIRE—HOUNDS ON THE SCENT AND THE FIELD COMING UP IN VIGOROUS STYLE ACROSS COUNTRY.



CHANGING COVER: A TYPICAL HUNTING SCENE IN SURREY—HOUNDS ON THE WAY TO MAKE A FRESH EFFORT TO PICK UP SCENT AFTER DRAWING BLANK.

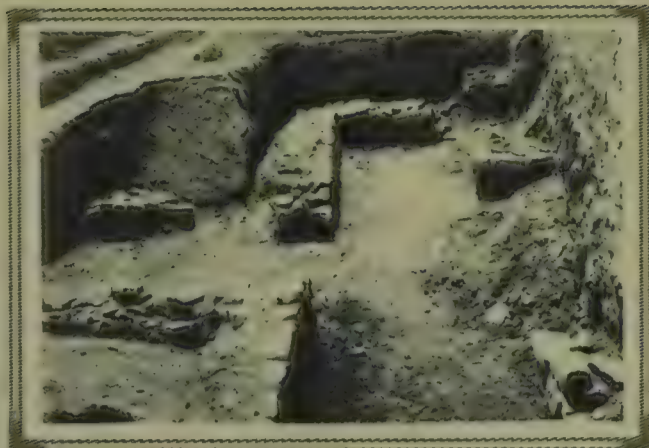
The country of the Hertfordshire Hunt lies partly in that county and partly in Bedfordshire. It varies much in character, and all sorts of fences occur. There is a fair amount of pasture and large tracts of plough and woodland. Originally hunted from Hatfield by the Salisbury family, the pack was transferred to the Herts Hunt Club in 1819. Parts of the county are also

covered by the Old Berkeley and the Puckeridge. In Surrey there are two hunts—the Old Surrey and Burstow, whose territory lies round about East Grinstead and extends partly into Sussex and Kent; and the Surrey Union, dating from 1799, with kennels at Oakwood Hill, near Ockley. The best centres are Dorking and Horsham.

MITHRAISM IN ANCIENT ROMAN GERMANY: A GREAT DISCOVERY AT DIEBURG.



INSCRIBED WITH THE SCULPTOR'S NAME, AND REPRESENTING VARIOUS SCENES FROM THE MITHRAIC LEGEND, INCLUDING A THREE-HEADED FIGURE (ON RIGHT), A PRE-CHRISTIAN "TRINITY": THE FRONT OF A WONDERFUL ALTAR-PIECE FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF MITHRA AT DIEBURG.



WHERE MITHRA WAS WORSHIPPED IN GERMANY IN ANCIENT ROMAN TIMES: THE ENTRANCE TO HIS TEMPLE RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT DIEBURG.

the heavens and shooting off the sun's arrows. The smaller fields contain a complete picture cycle, beginning on the left next to the inscription tablet. We see the horse of the Mithra cosmogony, the evil spirit Ahriman sitting on the rocks with a naked sword, the birth of Mithra with sword and torch, the water miracle, the flight of the god up the tree; then in several scenes the freeing from captivity of the holy steer, whose flight and sacrifice are the chief points of the Mithra mystery. Very important is the picture with the three Mithra heads on a tree, the first representation of the Trinity, wrought a hundred-and-fifty years before its introduction into the Christian faith. Further, we see represented the meal of Mithra and the Sun God over the sacrificed steer, and Mithra's ascent into heaven drawn by four horses. The back of the altar tablet represents in a medallion a scene from the myth of the Sun God. Phaethon and his mother implore the god for the sun chariot. The gods of the winds bring the coursers of the sun, behind which stand the personifications of the seasons in front of a temple. This altar tablet is also most important in the history of art, not only on account of its high and quite exceptional artistic qualities, but also because we know the artist of this wonderful work, as the inscription bears the name of Silvestrius Silvinius. With the aid of two of his kinsfolk, he carried out the work in the Temple of Mithra, of which he must have been a believing disciple."

"THE chief town of Dieburg in the Province of Starkenburg," writes Dr. Friedrich Behn, "was undoubtedly the principal halting-place for the Roman troops stationed on the Main, as so very many relics of the Roman period have been discovered there during the past decades. The numerous Roman roads which lead to it also point to the fact of its importance during the Roman occupation of the country. In 1924 there was found on the south side an exceptionally well-preserved sandstone sculpture, the lower portion of a gigantic so-called 'Jupiter' column richly adorned with reliefs and an inscription, which proved that the Roman Dieburg was the suburb of a 'civitas.' In the summer of 1926 a discovery was made which is of peculiar interest, and can be considered one of the most important of the year. This was the temple of the Oriental Sun God, Mithra, the worship of whom had been spread throughout the Empire by the Roman legions. The temple was discovered through the building of a new house at the north-east end of the town. It had been greatly damaged by the zeal of the Christians, but nevertheless not only the foundations were found, but a quantity of figures of gods, and, above all, the wonderful altar-piece of red sandstone, adorned on either side with sculptures in relief. The sculpture was movable on a vertical axis, and stood on a walled sub-structure in a corner of the temple. In the other corner was a cavity from which a number of statues were extracted. The foundations of the benches alongside the walls, on which the worshippers lay during service, are in good preservation. As every temple to Mithra had to be a kind of cave, the interior was slightly sunk in the floor. From the outer hall quite a short ramp led upwards, the side walls of which were discovered in good condition. The outer hall must have been made of wood, as no trace of wall could be found, but large quantities of burnt rubbish. A few yards beyond lay the temple well, which provided the holy water for the religious ceremony, and into which the early Christian zealots appear to have thrown many statues and other objects. The temple is small, the inner portion being less than 20 ft. long. But the Mithra community had only a small number of adherents, and into the inmost sanctuary only those could penetrate who had received the highest ordination. This altar-piece is one of the most important discoveries relating to the history of Roman religion and art in Germany. The front is divided up into rectangular fields, each of which contains a picture of the Legend of Mithra. In the large middle section we see Mithra as the Sun God riding over

[Continued in Box 2.]



REMARKABLE SCULPTURE ON THE BACK OF THE MITHRAIC ALTAR-PIECE: A MEDALLION SHOWING PHAETHON AND HIS MOTHER IMPLOING THE SUN GOD FOR HIS CHARIOT, AND GODS OF THE WINDS LEADING OUT THE COURSERS OF THE SUN.

What the East Was: Chinese Turkistan.

"CHINESE CENTRAL ASIA." By C. P. SKRINE, I.C.S.*

"THE 'unchanging East' is, of course, a fiction," comments Sir Francis Younghusband. "Still," he hastens to add, "if the East does change, there can hardly be a part of it which changes less than Chinese Turkistan. . . . We can still see there now most of what the East was. The Chinese may have taken to wearing European clothes, but the skin under the clothes remains of much the same colour."

As first witness, let us cite an occasion at Yangi Hissar. "Hardly had we arrived at the garden of the empty Swedish Mission bungalow," recalls Mr. Skrine, "when the Amban and Commandant, most courteously according to Chinese ideas, came to call. Fortunately, the Aqsaqal had prepared tea, and a noble spread of fruit and sweets. During this function we were treated to a little bit of Chinese servants' manners which very nearly upset our equilibrium for good and all. When he sat down, the Amban took off his bowler and handed it to his servant, who stood behind his chair. The servant, who already wore a decrepit Homburg, took the Amban's hat, and coolly, as if it were the most natural thing to do with it, clapped it on top of his own! During the rest of the meal, we all had to keep our eyes firmly averted from the two-hatted servant, for anything more ludicrous than the sight of his solemn, old-family-butler face surmounted by the Amban's seedy bowler and his own archaic Homburg, one on top of the other, cannot be imagined."

Ceremonies, indeed, were frequently embarrassing, notably when food and drink accompanied them. The

dumplings; Dried Chuguchak sturgeon; Sea-slug soup; Tinned oranges; Stewed chestnuts; Cold roast pork; Veal fritters; Fish tripe; Cabbage soup; Stewed pears stuffed with rice; Pastry dumplings; Baked mutton; Roast pigeon; Mutton fat fritters; Seaweed soup; Lotus seeds in syrup; Boiled rice; Tea and dessert. . . . Shark's fin consists of a tangle of absolutely tasteless pieces of white elastic, stewed with shreds of chicken; sea-slugs are dark-grey gelatinous substances with an unpleasant dead sort of flavour, swimming in a salty gravy."

At a rival feast—given by General Ma, the Titai, or G.O.C., of Kashgaria, a scoundrelly official, since shot as a result of his strictly oriental and mediæval misdeeds—the host appeared "resplendently arrayed in a saxe-blue Chinese Field Marshal's uniform several sizes too large for him. . . . The meal, when it came, was a remarkable experience. . . . The first thing our host did was to take off his uniform in front of us all and sit down in a suit of pale-blue silk pyjamas, remarking as he did so that it was very hot and he could stand the uniform no longer. He then seized his chop-sticks and began piling our plates with messes from a mountain of mixed garbage in the middle of the table. Then he shouted to the crowd of minions behind his chair to bring his wine, with which he proceeded to fill our glasses, telling me through Fitzmaurice that it was the best wine in China, and contained seventy-one different ingredients, including pounded cuttle-fish bones and essence of tiger's claw. From the smell I could quite believe it, while as for the taste, it nearly took the roof off my mouth; it was not wine at all, but exceedingly potent brandy."

So much for one obligation of His Britannic Majesty's Consul-General. There were innumerable others, judicial and general, and they called not only for diplomacy, but for much taking of the road, journeyings on foot, by boat and Chinese cart, by horse, donkey, pony, camel and yak, over desert and icy pass, through lands fertile and barren; amidst a welter of races, primitive, sophisticated, "Westernised" and ancestrally Eastern.

Visiting, judging, advising, exploring, doctoring, noting, photographing, and surveying, Mr. Skrine, accompanied by D., his wife, went his observant way about Headquarters and well beyond. Much curious information came to him, and he has faithfully set it down. A few instances will suffice to show the variety of interests encountered.

First safety. "Since their last re-conquest in 1877 the Chinese have governed Sinkiang, the 'new Dominion,' from Urumchi, fifty marches north-east of Kashgar. . . . The 'new Dominion' has reaped little of the civil wars which during the last twelve years have rent the mother-country from end to end. The only effect on Sinkiang of the Revolution of 1911 and the consequent weakening of the Central Government has been to permit a Governor of outstanding ability to establish himself as the virtually independent ruler of Chinese Central Asia. The result of Yang Tseng-hsin's twelve years' rule has been that the military and other brigands who infest Kansu, Szechwan, and other western provinces are unknown in Sinkiang, which a European may traverse unescorted and unmolested from end to end." Justice may be stern at times, but it is effective! "The Turki farmer likes a drop or two of rain during the early summer, but it must not be overdone. Some years ago during a drought the inhabitants of Kashgar requested a certain popular mulla to pray for rain. He did so with great fervour, and shortly afterwards rain fell in torrents, ruining the crops. Whereupon, at the petition of the Kashgaris, the Amban punished the unfortunate mulla with a thousand stripes!" And at Goma, amongst the links with the past, was a debtor wearing a "cangue," or heavy square yoke of wood padlocked round his neck. Mr. Skrine notes: "This ancient Chinese method of making debtors pay has long been officially abolished both in China Proper and in Sinkiang, but it evidently survives in out-of-the-way places; the cangues, I am told, vary in weight from 20 to 60 lbs. or more, and are left on the neck of the debtor until he pays up. He can move about as he likes inside the Yamen precincts, but has to be fed by his relatives as he cannot reach his own mouth." Yet Colonel Lyall, Mr. Skrine's successor, very nearly came to be dubbed "A strong man who refuses to pay his debts!"

This was the manner of it. "A Chinese name had to be assigned to Colonel Lyall and a wooden 'chop' carved with the appropriate characters, from which a stock of the indispensable red paper visiting-cards could be struck. It was of the utmost importance that the name, while approximating to the Colonel's own patronymic, should have a lucky meaning, one that would give its owner 'face' with highly-educated Chinese officials. Accordingly," chronicles our author, "Mr. George Chu, our

Chinese Secretary, was told off to christen the new Consul-General, and in due course he produced a draft name for my approval. It sounded something like 'Lai-i-lu,' and its three characters, as Chu showed me in Dr. Giles' monumental dictionary, meant 'A pure dwelling upon Mount Lai'—the latter being a famous sacred mountain in Szechwan. What more exquisitely classical, more face-giving appellation could be imagined? I approved, and at my next interview with the Taoyin, a noted scholar, I asked for his opinion. To my surprise, the old mandarin was not at all enthusiastic and begged me to allow himself and Mr. Tao, his Foreign Affairs Secretary, to find a better name. Our production, he informed me, would give the new Consul-General no face at all. If the character 'Lai' was pronounced in the second tone, all would be well. But most people would pronounce it in the fourth tone, in which case the name would mean 'A strong man who refuses to pay his debts'!"

The East was ever evident. Mr. Skrine found it in habit and custom, in the celebrations of birth and marriage, in the condolences of death, in costume and accoutrement, in sport and in belief—especially, perhaps, in belief. "In China the devils can only fly straight, so a gateway with a kink in it defeats them"; and in Chinese Central Asia there are the superstitions not only of the conquerors, but of the conquered.

At Yarkand, in 1924, there were between twenty-five and thirty witch-doctors, or *bakhshis*. "At a meeting of the 'real' doctors of Yarkand in 1923—the local General Medical Council, as it were—it was estimated that the *bakhshis* made between them 175,000 local taels, or about £2,300, in the year, as against a beggarly £400 made by the poor doctors."

Spells are potent—bringing and assuring love, satisfying hate, aiding detection, carrying death. "If a woman wishes her husband to die, she washes her head on seven successive Wednesday mornings; another method is to wear two caps, one on top of the other, for seven weeks. Similarly, a man puts a death spell on his wife by combing his beard with two combs."

But we might quote column after column and with never a dull extract. Suffice it heartily to recommend



WITH A SICK LAMB: A DULANI WOMAN, MERKET.



A PUNISHMENT OFFICIALLY ABOLISHED IN CHINA PROPER AND IN SINKIANG, BUT SURVIVING IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES: A DEBTOR WEARING A CANGUE ROUND HIS NECK—A BURDEN HE WILL BEAR UNTIL HE SATISFIES HIS CREDITORS.

Reproduced from "Chinese Central Asia," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

slugs and snails and puppy-dogs' tails that go to the making of the Little Boy of the ungallant rhyme are as nothing to the provender provided for the honoured guest. At the innumerable wayside tea-drinkings, freshly-killed and exceedingly tough mutton, leather-like bread, oily pastry, and tea with salt in it did their indigestible worst in a land ready to boast, even as did the Beg of Taghak: "In this country, Sahib, you can get anything you like except chicken's milk." But the dinner-parties were the chief obstacle to conviviality. The Taoyin, or Prefect, of Kashgaria was magnificently hospitable, although merciful enough to shorten the customary Chinese repast. "It may be of interest to record the menu, so far as I was able to identify the courses," Mr. Skrine writes. "Hors d'œuvres, including, in addition to the usual items, slices of hard-boiled egg which had been buried for some years and had turned quite green, were eaten during as well as before the meal. Menu: Tea and Dessert; Hors d'œuvres; Syrup dumplings; Shark's fin with shredded chicken; Pigeon's eggs; Pork fritters; Traveller-fish soup; Bamboo-root stewed in syrup; Roast chicken; Mince



A HIGH OFFICIAL WHO REMOVED HIS UNIFORM IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS DINNER GUESTS AND SAT IN PALE-BLUE SILK PYJAMAS: THE LATE GENERAL MA, TITAI OF KASHGARIA.

Reproduced from "Chinese Central Asia," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

* "Chinese Central Asia." By C. P. Skrine, Indian Civil Service; British Consul-General in Chinese Turkistan, 1922-24. With an Introduction by Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.S.I. Frontispiece in Colour; five Panoramas and two Maps; fifty-one other Illustrations. (Methuen and Co.; 21s. net.)

"Chinese Central Asia" as a most entertaining book; and to add, in the words of Sir Francis Younghusband, "Here then is a country worth taking some trouble to describe. You do not need a snap-shot camera: the object is sufficiently stationary for you to give it a time exposure." E. H. G.

HUNTING WOLVES AND FOXES WITH EAGLES: REMARKABLE FALCONRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "CHINESE CENTRAL ASIA," BY C. P. SKRINE. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. METHUEN. DRAWING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.



"ON HIS RIGHT WRIST, WHICH WAS PROTECTED BY A LARGE WHITE FLEECE GAUNTLET AND SUPPORTED ON THE SADDLE BY A WOODEN PROP, HE CARRIED A MAGNIFICENT HOODED QARA QUSH, OR BLACK HUNTING-EAGLE": A KIRGHIZ BEG OF THE TIEN SHAN, WITH THE CORD OF THE HOOD IN HIS MOUTH.

This remarkable form of sport is described by Mr. C. P. Skrine in his very interesting book, "Chinese Central Asia," which is reviewed opposite. Describing "the Kirghiz headman of Qara Bulaq, Hushur Beg" (shown in the upper illustration mounted on a shaggy little Kalmuck pony), he writes: "On his right wrist, which was protected by a large white fleece gauntlet and supported on the saddle by a wooden prop, he carried a magnificent hooded *qara qush*, or black hunting-eagle. . . . From the near side of Hushur Beg's saddle dangled . . . the lure with which he attracted the bird back from wandering. It consisted of a large ball made of skin from the heads of antelopes. . . . He was passionately fond of hawking

[Continued opposite.



"EAGLING" AFTER A FOX: A PARTY OF KIRGHIZ NOMADS IN CENTRAL ASIA HUNTING WITH EAGLES, ONE OF WHICH IS SEEN "STOOPING" AT THE FOX, TO TURN IT, WHEREUPON THE DOGS RUN IN.

and 'eagling,' if one may coin the word. He used hawks for hares and other small game, eagles for antelopes, and sometimes wolves. He told me he would not part with his favourite *qara qush* for a hundred taels, though it was very fierce and had more than once clawed him. . . . I noticed that he held the string attached to its hood in his teeth, and that, after unhooding it for a moment so that I could take a photograph, he put the hood on again at once with his bridle hand." Of the scene in the lower illustration, Mr. Douglas Carruthers says: "In summer the birds are not used, but in winter this sport forms the chief amusement. The men ride out in company and beat the country for a fox."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAY WRIGHTSON, BARRATT, SWAINE, PHOTOPRESS, E. H. MILLS, RITA MARTIN, P. AND A., ELLIOTT AND FRY, S. AND G., ILLUS. BUREAU, AND RUSSELL.



A NEW VISCOUNT:
LORD SUMNER.



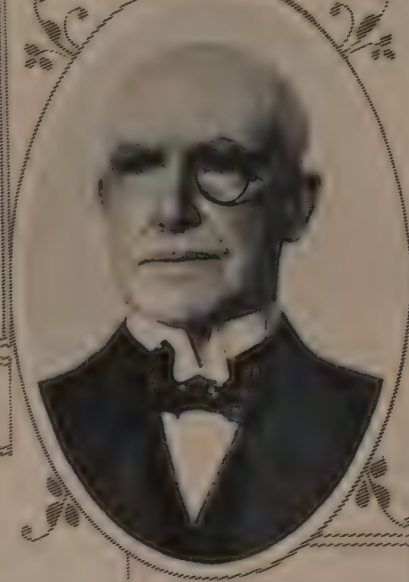
A NEW BARON:
COL. F. S. W. CORNWALLIS,
C.B.E.



A NEW KNIGHT:
MR. JOHN C. W. REITH.



A NEW BARON:
SIR CHARLES GREENWAY,
BT., CHAIRMAN OF
THE ANGLO-PERSIAN
OIL CO.



A NEW VISCOUNT:
THE RT. HON. SIR JAMES
CRAIG, BT.,
PRIME MINISTER OF
NORTHERN IRELAND.



A NEW BARONET: SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN,
THE FAMOUS ART DEALER AND PATRON
OF ART.



A WELL-KNOWN
WAR-WORKER:
THE LATE DOWAGER
LADY MICHELHAM
(MRS. FREDERICK ALMY).



THE FRENCH AIR
ESPIONAGE CHARGE:
MR. VIVIAN
STRANDERS, WHO
WAS ARRESTED
AT THE GARE
DE L'EST, PARIS.



A NEW COMPANION OF HONOUR:
THE REV. H. R. L. SHEPPARD,
OF "ST. MARTIN'S."

VICAR OF
ST. MARTIN'S-IN-
THE-FIELDS IN
SUCCESSION TO
THE REV. "DICK"
SHEPPARD:
CANON MCCORMICK,
D.S.O.



A VICTIM OF THE
AVALANCHE DISASTER:
THE LATE
MR. A. A. HOPPER,
OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.

A VICTIM OF THE
AVALANCHE DISASTER:
THE LATE MISS CICELY
PENROSE FOSTER,
OF LISKEARD, CORNWALL.



A DISTINGUISHED SCHOLAR AND
EDUCATIONIST: THE LATE CANON
T. L. PAPILLON.



A VICTIM OF THE AVALANCHE
DISASTER: THE LATE MR.
CHARLES F. STOCKER, B.S.C.



A VICTIM OF THE AVALANCHE
DISASTER: THE LATE MR.
HUGH T. MORGAN, ARCHITECT.



A FAMOUS PORTRAIT-PAINTER DEAD
AT FORTY-EIGHT: THE LATE
MR. AMBROSE MCEVOY, A.R.A.

Lord Sumner is a Lord-of-Appeal in Ordinary.—Col. Fiennes Stanley Wykeham Cornwallis, C.B.E., has been Chairman of the Kent County Council since 1910.—Mr. Reith, Managing Director of the British Broadcasting Company, retains his position under the new British Broadcasting Corporation.—The Rev. Hugh Richard ("Dick") Lawrie Sheppard was, until recently, Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, where he did splendid work.—The late Dowager Lady Michelham, who became Mrs. Frederick Almy by her re-marriage in 1926, was the widow of the first Lord Michelham. Her war work was notable, and she wore the 1914 Star, the Legion of Honour, the Médaille d'Or, and the

Order of Mercy. She was mentioned in dispatches twice.—Canon W. P. G. McCormick, D.S.O., has been Vicar of Croydon for the past seven years. He won the D.S.O. for bravery on the Somme.—Canon Papillon, who died on Dec. 28, at the age of eighty-five, came of old Huguenot stock.—Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, who died from pneumonia in a London nursing home on January 4, was one of the most successful of modern portrait-painters. He was born in 1878. He was much inspired by Gainsborough, of whom he said: "There are days when I think Gainsborough the greatest artist who ever lived." He was one of the artists chosen officially to go to the Front to paint the War.

YORK MINSTER'S THIRTEEN CENTURIES: THE KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



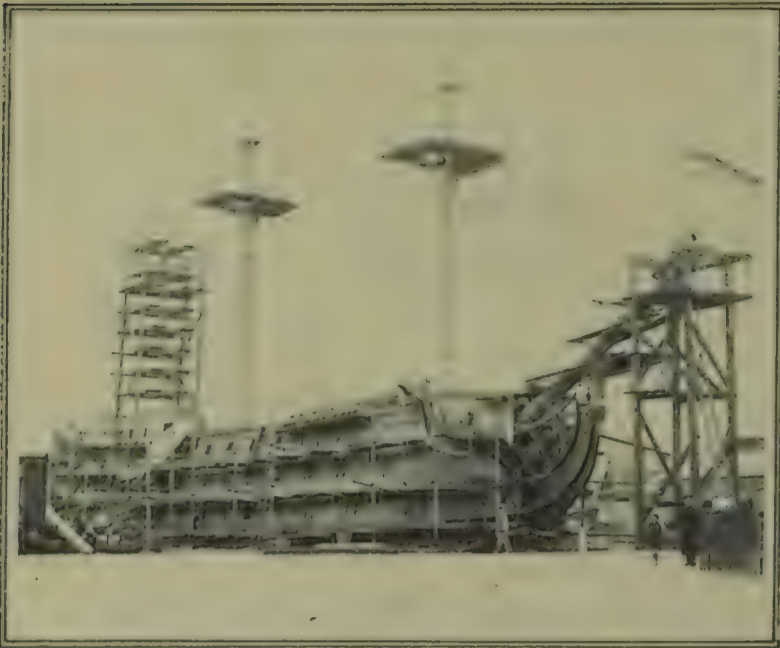
"OPEN ME THE GATES OF RIGHTEOUSNESS": THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK GIVING THIRTEEN KNOCKS ON THE MINSTER DOOR (ONE FOR EACH OF ITS CENTURIES) WITH A MALLET MADE FROM ITS ANCIENT OAK, AT MIDNIGHT ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

An impressive ceremony took place at York Minster on New Year's Eve, to commemorate the 1300 years of its existence. The Archbishop, Dr. Lang, walked in a torchlight procession from the Church of St. Michael to the west door of the Minster, followed by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and escorted by a detachment of the 14-20th Hussars. At the door trumpeters sounded a fanfare, and the Archbishop intoned the words: "Lift up your heads O ye gates and be ye lift

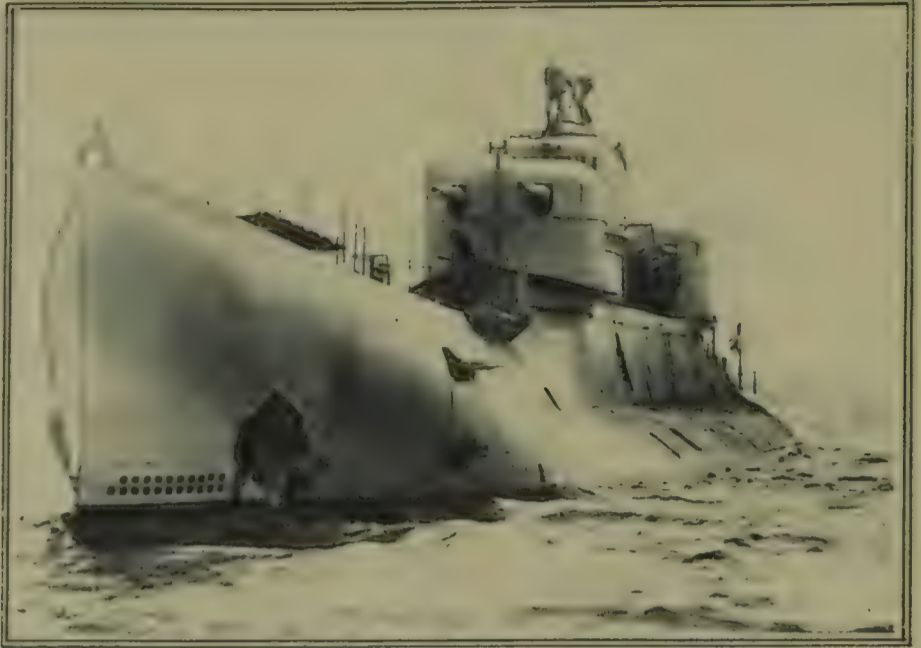
up ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in." The Minster choir from within responded: "Who is the King of Glory?" and the Archbishop replied: "The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory." With a mallet made of oak found in the Minster, he gave thirteen knocks symbolic of its thirteen centuries. Then he said: "Open me the gates of Righteousness, that I may go in and give thanks due to the Lord." The Dean opened the doors, and the procession entered.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

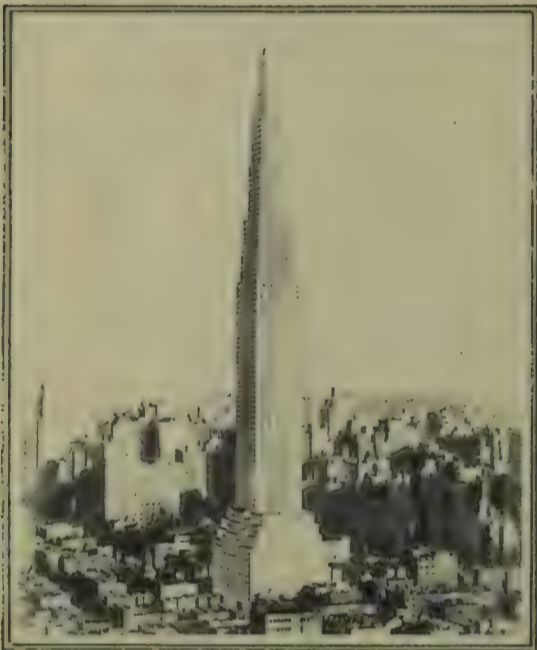
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, C.N., G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



THE RESTORATION OF THE "VICTORY": NELSON'S FAMOUS FLAG-SHIP AS SHE NOW IS, AT PORTSMOUTH



TO TAKE PART IN THE MANŒUVRES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE NEW SUPER-SUBMARINE "X1."



TO BE THE HIGHEST STRUCTURE IN THE WORLD: THE 110-STOREY LARKIN TOWER, WHICH IS TO RISE ABOVE 42ND STREET, NEW YORK.



LEFT IN THE CARE OF THE QUEEN AND THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE WHILE HER FATHER AND MOTHER ARE MAKING THEIR TOUR PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, ASLEEP IN HER PERAMBULATOR IN THE PARK.



AN EIGHT-STOREY BUILDING TRANSFERRED BODILY FROM ONE SITE TO ANOTHER: THE FORT FREDERICK APARTMENTS MOVED ON ROLLERS.



AFTER IT HAD CRASHED THROUGH THE PARAPET OF A BRIDGE AND FALLEN THIRTY FEET: THE ILL-FATED MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE OF THE STOCKPORT CORPORATION.

The spring manœuvres of the Atlantic Fleet, which take place towards the end of this month, will mean a remarkable concentration of ships in the Mediterranean. Amongst the vessels will be the super-submarine "X1," of the First Submarine Flotilla, whose parent ship is the cruiser "Conquest." "X1" thus enters on her regular service, after trials extending over three years.—The Larkin Tower, which will rise above 42nd Street, New York, will have a total height of 1208 ft. The base will have eighteen storeys, and the other storeys will form the tower. It is to be called the Larkin Tower after Messrs. John A. Larkin and Edward L. Larkin, the architects and designers.—The Fort Frederick Apartments, an eight-

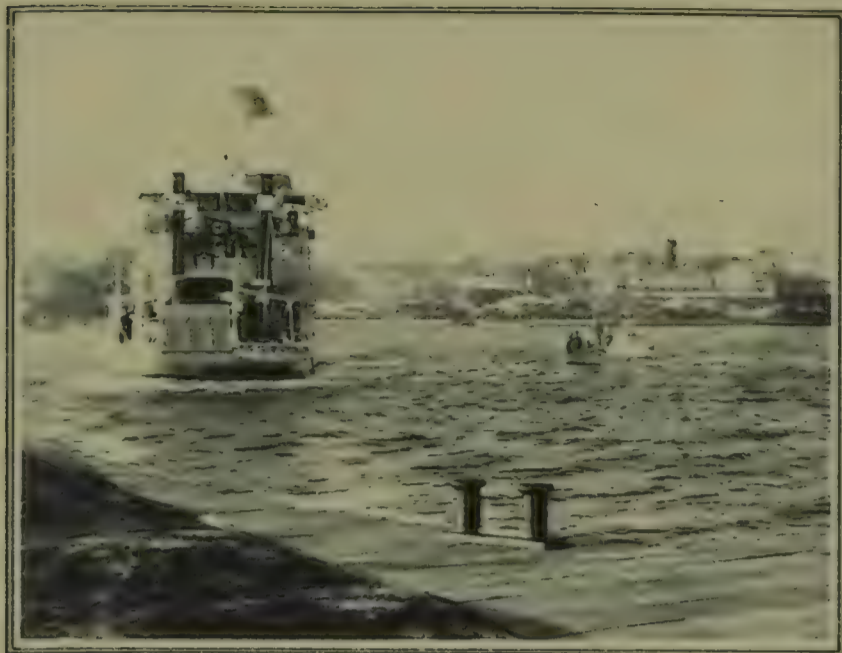


WHEN THE YOUNGSTERS' HEART-BEATS WERE SHOWN ON A SCREEN: POLLY AND DAVID HILL ASSISTING THEIR FATHER, PROFESSOR A. V. HILL.

storey fireproof building in Albany, New York, has been moved on rollers—"an entire block," and then across a street to a new site.—A motor fire-engine belonging to the Stockport Corporation was answering an alarm of fire when it skidded on a bridge over the Mersey, smashed through the parapet, and fell on to the roadway below. Mr. Howard Beckwith, the chief officer, was killed, and others were injured.—Acting as assistants to their father when he was lecturing at the Royal Institute before school-boys and school-girls, David and Polly Hill had the effects of electric shocks demonstrated upon themselves, saw their heart-beats shown upon a screen, and so on.

WORLD HAPPENINGS: NEWS-PICTURES FROM FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER ZACHARY, TOPICAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND KEYSTONE.



THE OPENING OF PORT FUAD, THE NEW TOWN ON THE SUEZ CANAL, OPPOSITE PORT SAID: THE ARRIVAL OF THE FERRY-BOAT ON BOARD OF WHICH KING FUAD SAT IN HIS MOTOR-CAR.



WHEN SEVERAL STAMP-COLLECTORS WERE INJURED IN A RUSH FOR SPECIMENS: THE CROWD EAGER TO BUY EXAMPLES OF THE NEW ISSUE OF POSTAGE STAMPS AT PORT FUAD POST OFFICE.



DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAPE TOWN BY STUDENTS: GENERAL HERTZOG, THE PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTH AFRICA, WELCOMED ON HIS RETURN HOME FROM THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE



WITH THE LECTURER IMPERSONATING FRANCIS HAUKSBEE: PROFESSOR ANDRADE (RIGHT) DEMONSTRATING OLD ELECTRIC EXPERIMENTS BY MEANS OF A HAND-WHEEL ELECTRIC MACHINE.



VERY SERIOUSLY DAMAGED BY FIRE: THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOTEL DE VILLE AT ROUEN, FORMERLY THE DORMITORY OF THE ABBEY OF ST. OVEN.

Port Fuad was opened on December 21, with due ceremonial. King Fuad, who had landed at Port Said, crossed to Port Fuad sitting in his car in a ferry-boat. Among those taking part was Lord Lloyd, the British High Commissioner in Egypt.—A new issue of Egyptian stamps caused such a rush of collectors at Port Fuad Post Office that the windows of the office were broken and several people were injured.—General Hertzog, who had a remarkable welcome at Cape Town, made a most important speech at a civic luncheon, saying emphatically that he no longer feared the Empire, which had been represented as a sort of super-State, a conception that had been "scotched" by the Imperial Conference.—



WHERE DAVID LIVINGSTONE TRIED TO PREACH HIS FIRST SERMON: THE FAMOUS LIVINGSTONE CHAPEL AT STANFORD RIVERS, ESSEX, BURNT OUT.

On January 4 Professor E. N. Da Costa Andrade lectured at the Annual Exhibition of the Physical Society and the Optical Society. He impersonated Francis Hauksbee (who died about 1713), and all the experiments demonstrated were ones Hauksbee is known to have carried out. The electric machine shown is a reproduction of Hauksbee's machine. It consists of a glass globe rapidly rotated by means of a hand-wheel. A discharge is produced in an exhausted tube held near the machine.—In Livingstone Chapel David Livingstone attempted to preach his first sermon. After mounting the pulpit and announcing his text, he became so nervous that he rushed out.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Countess of Seafield.

The young Countess of Seafield and her mother, Nina Lady Seafield, are escaping the rest of the

cold weather in England by going off to the Far East, and will not return till the end of April. They intend to visit Burma, that fascinating country, Siam, and the Malay States. Lady Seafield has already travelled a good deal, as is natural, for both her grandfathers were among the people who went out to New Zealand and settled there when it was still a comparatively new country—all the descendants of that generation have a love of travel in their blood. Her father, the eleventh Earl, who was killed in the war when his only child was very young, spent most of his boyhood in one of the most Scottish parts of the Dominion.



TO GO TO THE FAR EAST WITH HER MOTHER: THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

Lady Seafield, who is one of the largest landowners in Scotland, comes of age next year, when there will be great celebrations on her estates. She is a pretty girl, with the beautiful auburn hair that is a family inheritance, and a fine clear complexion.

Lady Parr's Christmas.

Visitors from the Dominions who are in England at this time of year always look forward to

spending a real old-fashioned Christmas. They were cheerfully prepared this time for the snow which falls so much more seasonably in fiction than in real life, and they would have been rather gratified if the mistiness of the succeeding days had turned into a real fog. Lady Parr, wife of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, who has hitherto spent her Decembers



THE WIFE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND: LADY PARR.

Photograph by Lafayette.

in New Zealand sunshine, has had an unfortunate experience in her first winter on this side of the world. She went several weeks ago with a friend for a short visit to Paris, where she fell a victim to influenza. An attack of pleurisy followed, and Sir James Parr, summoned to Paris, found his wife in hospital, where she spent the rest of the month gradually recovering. He was

in Paris for Christmas, while their two younger daughters, who are at school in England, spent their holiday with friends in London. Lady Parr is a charming little lady, and very much interested in her fellow New Zealanders in London. She has had the happy idea of fitting up a room at the New Zealand Government building in the Strand as a drawing-room, where she can from time to time receive them. This is a welcome innovation.

Those Who Remember.

The Christmas festivities organised by the Not Forgotten Association for the ex-Service men still in hospital began with the jolly party for seven hundred men at the Royal Riding School in Christmas week, at which the Prince of Wales was present, but it will be nearly the end of January before they are finished. There are 3500 of these men in the hospitals of the London area, including those at Orpington; and, as the Association is giving concerts to them all, it will take a long time to complete the tour. Only about a thousand of the men are able to go to outside entertainments, and two thousand are described as bed-ridden. To each of these last the Association sent a Christmas stocking containing twelve separate articles, the number adding, of course, very greatly to the interest and amusement of the gift.

The Association has now been at work for seven years, and has given an enormous amount of pleasure in that time to men whose days must pass rather drearily. It was founded by Miss Marta Cunningham, who was well known as a singer before the war, and who now gets a considerable amount of help from her pupils in her work as the Association's honorary organiser. She has many friends among the artists who help her with her concerts, giving their services voluntarily, as do all connected with the Association. Princess Mary is patroness of the Association, and from the beginning Lady Haig, Lady Beatty, and Lady Trenchard have been its joint presidents.

The organiser and her helpers obviously have a heavy task, for there are in Great Britain and Ireland 15,000 ex-Service men in hospital, every one of whom they are determined shall not feel that he has been forgotten. Every month last year parcels containing cigarettes, sweets, and other comforts have been sent to each of the men in the Ministry of Pensions hospitals in this country. The public generally has reason to be very grateful to the Association and to appreciate Miss Cunningham's untiring efforts.

A Very Welcome Baby.

Hosts of people have been pleased to hear of the birth of a son to Air-Marshal Sir John and Lady Salmond, not only because his parents are so popular, but because everyone feels that his arrival must have brought joy to his grandparents, Lord and Lady Desborough. Lady Salmond, whose marriage to Sir John Salmond took place in 1924, was the Hon. Monica Grenfell. She is the elder daughter of Lord Desborough, and shared his great sorrow when her only surviving brother died two months ago. The Grenfell brothers were noted for their great ability and charm, and their nephew has come into a world where he has already many friends.



LADY SALMOND, WIFE OF AIR-MARSHAL SIR JOHN SALMOND, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON AND HEIR.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



FOUNDER OF THE NOT FORGOTTEN ASSOCIATION: MISS MARTA CUNNINGHAM.

Photograph by Central News.

almost romantic interest in the news of the engagement of Miss Rosemary Laycock to Captain the Hon. Arthur Baillie, because the lady, who is only twenty-one, distinguished herself so greatly in a run with the Belvoir Hunt last year. They will remember for years how the girl did what few other riders have managed to do, and stayed the whole course in a thirty-five miles run. It is appropriate that she should now be about to marry a man who is equally keen on sport. Captain Baillie is the younger son of Colonel Baillie of Dochfour, near Inverness, and of Baroness Burton. His elder brother, who married Lady Maud Mackintosh, the widowed daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, is joint-Master with her of the Peak Harriers.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. ARTHUR BAILLIE: MISS ROSEMARY LAYCOCK.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

A Nice Little Oasis.

When one hears that Mrs. A. T. McGrath (Rosita Forbes) is setting off once more on a journey to the African deserts, one naturally takes it for granted that she is planning another of the adventurous expeditions for which she is famous. But she explains that, when she leaves England at the end of this month for the desert south of the Moroccan Atlas, her chief aim is to get away from the London fog and the many distractions that London has to offer in the way of parties, visits, telephone calls, and journalistic work. She wants to find a nice little oasis in the sunshine, where she will be able to write her new novel in peace. Colonel McGrath is accompanying her this time. They will go through Casa Blanca and Marakesh to the Southern Atlas, where they will perhaps think more kindly even of London fog, for the mountains



TO SEEK SUNSHINE IN NORTH AFRICA: MRS. McGRATH (ROSITA FORBES).

Photograph by Bertram Park.

will be covered with snow, and they will have to wait till the French clear a way through the pass, as they do once a month for their supplies to go through to the outposts of their last line of defence against the desert.

Somewhere beyond that line Mrs. McGrath will search for her oasis, where she will settle for two or three months. It will be an interesting time, for that part of the desert is

almost unexplored. When one sees Mrs. McGrath at a social gathering or critically watching the mannequins at a dress-show, it is difficult to picture this girlish-looking woman as she must appear when on her hazardous journeys. She tells some amusing stories about her adventures when she has travelled with Arabs disguised as an Arab woman, but it is still more interesting to hear how she organises her own expeditions, and how laboriously and cleverly she controls her men.

An Engagement.

Hunting people have taken an

Player's *Medium Navy Cut* Cigarettes Tipped with Cork of Pure Natural Growth

HAPPY MAN



"Fate has nothing more to give
... happy man"
—THE GONDOLIERS.

Player's please!

100 for 4'8

50 " 2'5



20 for 11½^d

10 " 6^d

NCC.22

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"



Fashions

Evening Fantasies For the South.

At this time of year, the search-light of Fashion centres chiefly on frocks for the South. Evening frocks, especially, grow more and more gorgeous, created to glitter brightly under the myriad lights of the Casino. Embroideries have come back in full force, carried out in opalescent sequins, sometimes sewn loosely, so that they tinkle musically to even the most sedate Charleston. Others are in curious shapes and sizes which help to form quaint geometrical patterns. Pearl and bead embroideries of all kinds are also decorative rivals, which seem to have eclipsed the quieter embroideries of silk. Pearls outlined with rhinestones are an innovation which is wonderfully effective. Hems are chiefly uneven, either cut in scallops or falling in draperies at one side, weighted gracefully by the richness of their embroideries.

The Fashionable Colours.

Colours for the Riviera are always rather as you please in the day-time, chiefly light gay nuances which remind one of spring sunshine, but at night there are more definite standards. White promises to be very fashionable, plentifully embroidered with pearls and diamanté, but without the addition of any pronounced colour. Even the shoulder-sprays of orchids or chrysanthemums are carried out in silver

This smart little house coat and the surrounding accessories are practical suggestions for using up sale remnants, which are almost given away during this month.

**THOSE WHO ARE NOT SOUTHWARD
BOUND HAVE THEIR COMPENSATIONS
IN THE SHAPE OF SUNDRY REMNANTS
WHICH CAN BE CAPTURED AND TRANS-
FORMED INTO DELIGHTFUL FRIVOLITIES.**

frosted with crystal. Certain tones of wine-red which were so fashionable for the daytime last season have deepened into shades of night and are chosen for many of the latest models. They make a striking background to the light bead embroideries. One of the favourites is christened "rouge d'Anjou," and is exactly like the good red wine from that country. Although there are rumours of stockings being of a gun-metal shade, or even black, the mode has a long way to go before it can be termed a definite vogue. In the evening, at all events, stockings are lighter than ever, and are so exactly the shade of flesh that they are invisible, and the "clocks" seem traced on the leg itself. Shoes, on the contrary, are striving to attract as much attention as possible. Bars of rhinestone surmount jewelled heels and toes as elaborately worked as the loveliest Cinderella slipper.

Accessories which can be Made at Home.

Nowadays there is a host of small accessories, frivolous and useful, which can be made quite easily by any woman who is fairly proficient with her needle. The sales are in full swing, and remnants of silks, brocades, and chiffons, secured for a mere song, can be transformed into such fascinating trifles as those pictured at the top of this page. Pochettes, for instance, are quite simple to make with a piece of cardboard and a remnant of brocade, and a soft evening bag gathered to a jewelled frame is also surprisingly easy. The most fashionable decorations for the shoulder just now are flowers of chiffon, and these, too, can be created at home, for stamens and centres in different colourings can be bought from any artificial flower department, and the flowers themselves need only layers of flat petals attached to the frock by the centre.

Bargains in Spring Outfits.

The days will soon be growing longer, and coats and skirts will be the *pièce de résistance* of every wardrobe. A splendid opportunity of acquiring a spring suit at exceptionally advantageous prices is offered by Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., in their present sale. The neat, well-tailored suit pictured on the left, for instance, carried out in a variety of suitings, can be secured for £5, available in two sizes, the coat being lined with crêpe-de-Chine. "The Doncaster," another tailored suit, introducing a short belted coat, can be secured for 69s. 6d., carried out in grey, fawn, and natural flannel. Then a jumper suit in plain stockinette faced with tweed, and the skirt made entirely of tweed, is available for 60s., another delightful outfit for sunny days. All-wool tweed skirts with double knee pleats are 20s.; tweed

& Fancies

country coats in shades of brown and grey are obtainable for 69s. 6d.; and a large variety of cloth coats trimmed with fur range from five guineas. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free upon application.

Bargains at Burberrys.

Everyone who spends even a few hours in the country each week appreciates the fact that country outfits from Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., become indispensable to everyone who has possessed them. During their present sale this firm are offering many wonderful bargains for the spring wardrobe. There are Burberry weatherproofs in gabardine and check combined available for 73s. 6d., in many pretty colourings, including dull pinks, fawns, greens, and blues; while the double-breasted Burberry pictured just below is 6 guineas, also very much reduced. Then, for children, there is the walking pattern Burberry also pictured, usually ranging in price from 2½ to 4½ guineas, reduced to 42s. up to 63s., according to size; and overcoats in chevots, homespuns, lovats, and herring-bones range from 50s. to 90s. Coats and skirts for school wear have been reduced to 5 and 6 guineas instead of seven and 9 guineas. An illustrated sale catalogue will be sent post free to all who mention this paper. It includes also many useful bargains for men members of the family. There are 1500 lounge suits offered at 94s. 6d. each.



A well-tailored coat and skirt for the spring, which can be secured very inexpensively at Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W., during their sale which is now in progress.



Adequate protection against all weathers are these practical wraps, which are included in the sale at Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W.

FREE—10-Day Tube—Mail coupon



Teeth Made White

—glorious, gleaming!

Your gums like coral to contrast them—just remove that dingy film; see what happens

THIS offers a remarkable dental test. A test millions have made during the last few years, with almost unbelievable results.

It gives cloudy teeth a clear and beautiful whiteness. It adds high polish and lustre. It firms the gums and gives them a clear and healthy look.

And it does those things quickly. On dental advice, the world is turning to this way. Will you test it, please; then note results yourself?

There's a film
coat on your
teeth

Dental science now tells us that most tooth troubles have a potential origin in a film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it

.... a slippery, viscous coating. That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off colour" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

Whiter Teeth, Firm Gums

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.



Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The New-day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities.

FREE—Mail this for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Send to
Name.....

Address.....
Give full address. Write plainly. Only one tube to a family. I.L.N. 8/1/27

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By Appointment

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY **AMMONIA**
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Softens Hard Water.
Invaluable for LAUNDRY and Domestic Purposes.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito and other Insect Bites.
Cleans Plate, Jewellery, and Carpets.
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Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SAN REMO

ITALIAN RIVIERA ONE HOUR FROM MONTE-CARLO

THE ROYAL

THE HOTEL FOR COMFORT, ILLUSTRATED
FOLDER N° 61. FREE ON REQUEST
MR. BERTOLINI, PROPR.

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GREATEST
HEALER

Quickly soothing and cleanly healing. Zam-Buk is the skin's best friend. This pure herbal balm stops pain, prevents a wound going the wrong way, allays inflammation and grows new healthy skin. All Chemists.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. HERBERT JACOBS and P. W. SERGEANT.

(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 4th
4. P to Q 4th B to Kt 5th (ch)

The value of this is very questionable. None of the masters seems to have used it. Blackburne played B to K 2nd at once, instead of, as here, two moves later, and without developing an opposing piece meanwhile.

5. Q Kt to Q 2nd Castles
6. P to Q 3rd B to K 2nd
7. B to Q 3rd Q Kt to Q 2nd
8. Q to B 2nd P to Q B 4th
9. Castles P to Q Kt 3rd
10. P takes Q P K P takes P
11. Kt to K 5th B to Kt 2nd
12. Q Kt to B 3rd Kt to K 5th
13. Kt takes Kt Q takes Kt
14. Kt to K 5th

White has made a skillful use of his Q Kt, and has gained by it a slight superiority of position.

15. P to K B 3rd Kt to B 3rd
16. B to Q 2nd P to Kt 3rd
17. Q R to K sq P to B 5th
18. B to K 2nd Kt to Q 2nd
19. P to K B 4th P to B 4th

A move going a long way to lose the game. White's Kt can now be dislodged only at the expense of a formidable passed

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
pawn, and left alone becomes a thorn in Black's side. B to K B 3rd seems the best course here.
20. P to Q Kt 3rd P takes P
21. Q takes P Kt to K B 3rd
22. B to Q 3rd Kt to K 5th
23. B to Kt 4th K to Kt 2nd
24. B to Kt 5th

A fine strategic move, the full value of which discloses itself by degrees.

25. Q takes B B takes B
26. Q R to B sq Q R to Q sq
Having challenged an exchange of Queens, the correct policy is to carry it out. Here, moreover, it is the only thing to be done.

27. Q takes Q Kt takes Q
28. R to B 7th (ch) K to Kt sq
29. B to Q 7th Q R to Kt sq
30. B to K 6th (ch) K to R sq
31. K R to Q B sq R to K sq
32. B to Q 7th R to K 2nd
33. K to B 2nd Kt to K sq
34. B takes Kt K R takes B
35. Kt to Q 7th R to Q B sq
36. Kt to B 6th Resigns.

A vigour worthy of White's palmist days characterises this game, and the closing stages by which victory is forced cannot but command general admiration.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAURICE IRVINE (Yale University, New Haven, Conn.).—You are quite right in suggesting that P to B 4th (ch) also solves Problem No. 3991; but it is an absolutely fatal defect that, if noticed, would have forbidden the publication of the problem. Check on first move is always barred under ordinary circumstances, but there are a few exceptions to prove the rule.

VICTOR HOLTON (Oshkosh, Wisconsin).—The above answer equally applies to your communication.

R.B.N. (Tewkesbury).—We hope you are not reading into our reply anything we never thought could be there. Of course, we overlooked the check: you surely do not suppose the problem would have been published had we seen it? It was not your missing the check we commented upon; it was the strange fact that you so strongly fastened on the culprit pawn for criticism without noting its complete villainy in the case.

E. G. B. BARLOW (Bournemouth).—We spoke, of course, only from our own experience, and had overlooked the facts you mention.

R. B. COOKE (Portland, Maine).—Had the problem been sound, we might have taken up the cudgels on its behalf against you. As it is, we have to submit with bowed head to your opinion.

S. GREENFIELD (St. Martin's Lane).—Thanks for problem, to which we will give our careful attention. Our first impression is that it is a little wanting in problematic point.

J. HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—We lamentably failed in our duty

over No. 3991, and had not the slightest intention to victimise the most guileless of our solvers. Your emendations are interesting and ingenious, but you know the difficulty of putting Humpty Dumpty on his legs again.

M. S. JOWETT (Grange-over-Sands).—In No. 3992, how do you continue after 1. B to K 5th, R to K B 2nd; 2. R to Q 6th (ch) K to Q B 2nd?

C. CHAPMAN (Springell Sanatorium, Modderfontein).—A cursory examination of your problem favourably impresses us, and we hope to make use of it at an early date, after closer consideration.

F. J. FALLWELL (Caterham).—When you propose in No. 3992 to play 1. P to Q B 4th, R to B 2nd; 2. R to Q 6th (ch), is there not a white Bishop on that square already?

THE CHESSEditor desires to thank many correspondents—too numerous for individual acknowledgment—who have sent him the season's greetings, and at the same time heartily to reciprocate their good wishes.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3992.—By PHILIP MARTIN.

WHITE
1. B to Q Kt 6th
2. R to Q 7th
Mates accordingly.

If Black play 1. — R to Q B 2nd, then 2. R to Q 6th (ch), etc.; and if 1. — R to Q 2nd, 2. R takes R, etc.

A problem with good style, perhaps a little too easy, but with some idea of ingenuity and prettiness. Its real interest lies in White's second move, as it is not clear at first sight how he is to score with his one piece against the opposing pair.

PROBLEM No. 3994.—By E. BOSWELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3987 received from O L Olden (Hobart, Tasmania); of No. 3991 from Maurice Irvine (Yale University), George F Heath (Spokane, Wash.), and R B Cooke (Portland, Maine); of No. 3992 from J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park) and E Pinkney (Driffield); and of No. 3993 from J Barry Brown (Naas),

E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R B N (Tewkesbury), J B Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frith), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J T Bridge (Colchester), and M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands).

The second annual Open Chess Tournament for Girls under the age of twenty-one for the cup presented by Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell will be held from Tuesday, Jan. 11, to the 15th, at the Imperial Chess Club, 62, Brook Street, W.1.

A very spectacular meeting is being organised under most influential American auspices, to be held in New York City, starting on March 17, next. It is to be entitled the "Grand Masters' Tournament," to which the following six champions are invited, namely, Messrs. Capablanca, Marshall, Alekhine, Bogoljubow, Niemzovitch, and Vidmar. The contest will last four weeks, each player being matched against every other four times. The prizes proposed will be £400, £300, and £200, with minor awards, and all expenses paid. If successfully arranged, the carrying out of this tourney will be a chess event of classical importance. The omission of Dr. Lasker, however, seems to demand explanation, and we think Spielmann from the reserve might have been substituted for Vidmar.

ERRATUM.—In No. 2 of "Christmas Nuts" the Black Pawn printed at K B 3rd should be K Kt 3rd.

"Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" for 1927 is now on sale, and is the eighty-fifth edition of that well-known work of reference and complete guide to the British aristocracy. As usual, it is edited by Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D. (Ulster King of Arms), and Mr. Ashworth P. Burke, and an interesting preface recapitulates the outstanding events of the year, which include, of course, the birth of the first grandchild for their Majesties in the male line since the establishment of the House of Windsor, and other interesting happenings. "Burke's Peerage" is not only a complete work of reference in regard to the titled people of this country, but is a genealogical and heraldic history containing a quantity of romantic and interesting stories of the deeds of the great families in olden days. The guide to relative precedence is an interesting list likely to be most useful to all those who have official entertaining to do; and the royal pedigree, which gives the descent of our Sovereign as far back as William the Conqueror, is a most interesting document. The appearance of the book is further enhanced by the publication of a set of excellent portraits of the members of the Royal Family at the beginning of the volume, and the clearness of the print throughout the book is remarkable. "Burke's" is not only an admirably full and absolutely accurate book of reference, but it is actually a history of the noble families of Great Britain and Ireland, and tells how they won their titles and the adventures they have enjoyed, the campaigns they have fought in, and the disasters they have suffered throughout the ages.

Music in Monte Carlo.

ONLY a keen expert and a fervent devotee to music could possibly have mapped out the very eclectic programme which is offered this season at MONTE CARLO, and which opened under the bâton of M. Léon Jehin, the most popular and well-known orchestra leader on the Riviera.

We shall have no less than twenty-one Classical Concerts and almost as many modern ones, which will take place every Wednesday and Friday respectively, at 3 p.m., in the Casino Theatre; while each Saturday afternoon is reserved for a Symphony Concert, under the direction of M. Marc-César Scotto.

Apart from this, the famous Recitals and Chamber Music Productions to which members of the International Sporting Club are invited and admitted gratuitously, start this month, the first Chamber Music performance taking place on Monday, Jan. 24, and the first Recital on Friday, the 28th of the same month.

The most talented artistes have been engaged and will be heard all through the winter season. Famous violinists such as M. Jan KUBELIK, M. Albert SPALDING, M. Gabriel BOUILLON, M. Nathan MILSTEIN, M. Henry WAGEMANS, etc. Reputed pianists, whose names are all sufficient to attract lovers of music as honey attracts flies, such as Mmes. Rachel BLANQUER, Marcelle BOUSQUET, Marthe RENNESSON, Tatiana de SANZEWITCH, Magdalena TAGLIAFERRO, Marcelle MEYER, Emma BOYNET, Gaëtane BORGHINI, Messrs. Alexandre BRAILOWSKY, Robert CASADESUS, Arthur RUBINSTEIN, Vladimir HOROWITZ, Carlo ZECCHI, Henri SCHIDENHEIM, etc. Then we shall hear the following celebrated 'cellists: Messrs. Umberto BENEDETTI, M. A. CAPPONI, Arturo BONUCCI, Maurice MARECHAL, Gregor PIATIGORSKY, Pierre FOURNIER, etc. Needless to say a selection has been made from amongst the best-known and most appreciated quartets, they are: The WIENER STREICH QUARTET, CALVET QUARTET, THE MONTE CARLO QUARTET, ANDOLFI QUARTET, etc. Some very good singers will also be heard at certain concerts: Mmes. GARCET DE VAUX REMONT, Lucy VUILLEMIN, Ninon VALLIN, Louise MATHA, etc.



A VIEW OF MONTE CARLO TAKEN FROM OLD MONACO ROCK.

A special and delightful affair will be the recital for two pianos which will be given on April 14, with Messrs. Jean WIENER and Clément DOUCET as virtuosi.

The great feature of this attractive Musical Tournament will be the coming of the different renowned orchestra leaders in Europe, who are to allow us to judge and appreciate their various ways of conducting the best-trained orchestra in the world, that of MONTE CARLO. What will prove of the greatest interest to our English guests will be to learn that Sir LANDON RONALD, who is such a conspicuous figure

in British musical circles, is coming over to the Principality to lead the Grand Classical and Modern Concert which will take place on Wednesday, Jan. 12. Sir LANDON RONALD, who had the honour of appearing before the late Queen Victoria in 1897, at Windsor Castle, and again in 1898, at Balmoral, was connected with Madame Melba's triumphal tour in America in 1894, when he conducted all the Operas in which this wonderfully gifted artist sang. He is an excellent and famous composer; his variations on a personal theme are exquisitely melodious. All these details are well known to lovers of music, residing in or visiting Monte Carlo, and there is not one of them who will not appreciate the effort made by the Direction of the Casino to afford

them the refined pleasure of listening to a musical entertainment directed by Sir LANDON RONALD. On Wednesday, Feb. 2, M. Pierre MONTEUX is coming over to conduct the Grand Classical and Modern Concert. His fame is so world-wide that it is unnecessary to introduce him to the ever-appreciative audience who haunt the Casino Concert Room. M. Léon JEHIN, who, apart from the prominent position he holds as leader-in-chief of the MONTE CARLO ORCHESTRA, is also chapel-master to H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco, is to hold the bâton on the occasion of the Grand Festival, held in honour of Beethoven's Centenary, on Wednesday, March 16. Then M. Paul PARAY, of "Paris Garde Républicaine" fame, will be the attraction of the Grand Musical and Modern Concert, which will be given on Wednesday, April 6, and which he is certain to lead in his own powerful and masterly manner.

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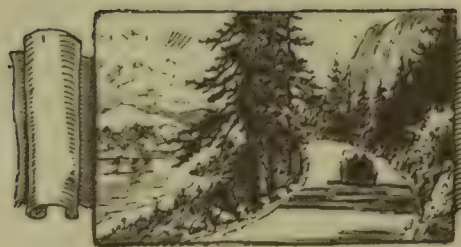
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE DOUBLE-SIX DAIMLER.

THE new Double-Six Daimler was probably the most interesting new feature of the last Motor Show. I think I am right in saying that, at any rate so far as Europe is concerned, it is the first twelve-cylinder car of this type ever produced. An American company used to build a double-six some years ago, immediately after the war, but I understand that the manufacture has been abandoned for some time now, and the new Daimler may, therefore, be regarded in Europe practically as a pioneer in this form of construction.

It is not at all easy to know in what frame of mind one should approach a car of this kind. Apart from the fact that it is the only one of its type, and that one has, therefore, no standard by which to compare its mechanical features, there is the question of performance. Twelve very considerably-sized cylinders may be expected to produce a degree of flexibility quite out of the common. But at the same time, while the critic is duly appreciating this and other qualities which result from the use of this colossal engine, he is constantly reminding himself that, roughly speaking, a twelve-cylinder engine ought, if its efficiency is proportionate, to be just twice as good, in most respects, as a six-cylinder. Speed, power, and elasticity are all things which it is only fair to expect in more than usual measure.

Before going on to the performance of the

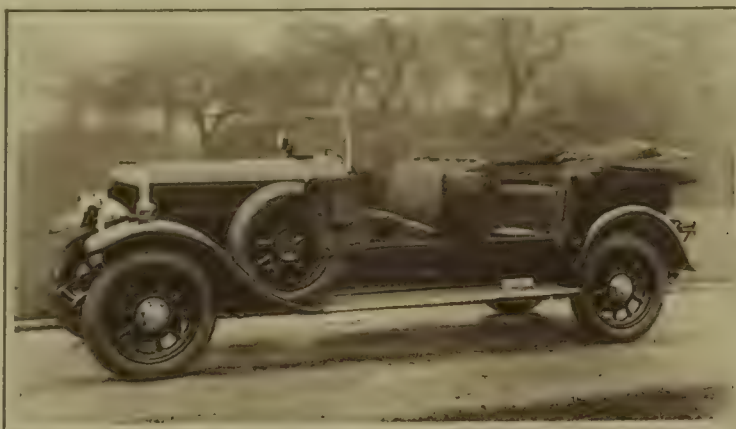
instead of one. Indeed, such is my lack of confidence in dynamos and engine-starters, and the powers of the average battery, that I would duplicate these things in any car at all deserving the title of a luxury car.

shock-absorbers on both axles. The final drive is by worm.

On the road, the main feature of the car is, naturally, its flexibility. One often hears it said of this or that car that it can be driven on top speed at a walking pace, and this is a figure of speech which has come to be widely accepted, although it is very often quite inaccurate. The average walking pace is, at the outside, three miles an hour, and most people would prefer it to be two and a half. That the Daimler will travel in this manner, if anybody should want it to do anything so ridiculous, I have proved beyond doubt. Without clutch slipping, or any transmission snatch, or uneven engine running, the car will run on top gear at the speed of a man walking.

This kind of flexibility is, naturally, seldom, if ever, required, and its only use, to my mind, lies in the fact that it proves good carburation and ignition. During the whole of the trial I do not think I used the third speed more than half-a-dozen times. One of these occasions was, of course, when I put her up one of my test hills, which has a maximum gradient of about one in six. The last fifty yards of this hill brought the speed of the car down to some sixteen miles an hour, and, had I not been urged not to do so, I should have certainly changed into second, and probably finished the climb at twice the speed.

This car is stated to have a very high



FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN AUSTRALASIA: A CROSSLEY "SIX," WITH SPECIAL LAMPS TO DISTINGUISH IT AT NIGHT.

Crossley "Sixes" are to be used throughout the Australasian tour of the Duke and Duchess of York. For New Zealand a fleet of seven cars will be used, and for Australia a fleet of twelve. Above is the touring car for the personal use of the Duke and Duchess. It is painted maroon, and the upholstery is in maroon leather. A spot light is carried, and the side-lamps are fitted with red glass so that the car can be readily distinguished from the Staff cars at night. Special fittings include a cushion and foot-rest for the Duchess. The Duke and Duchess will also use an enclosed limousine on occasions when the touring car may be unsuitable.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about the design of the Daimler Double-Six is that a four-speed gearbox is provided. Third gear is used almost invariably for starting away from rest, although it is quite easy to do so on top speed. Four-wheel brakes of a particularly efficient kind are fitted, controlled by the pedal, and the hand-brake operates on a drum behind the gearbox, according to the usual Daimler practice. The four-wheel brakes are operated on the Dewandre system, and little effort is needed to put them into very effective action. At the same time, when you wish to apply the maximum braking force in case of emergency, a considerable effort is necessary in order to bring this about. This is an excellent safeguard against carelessness on the part of those ignorant of how a large and fast car should be slowed down and stopped. The springs are of the semi-elliptic type all round, assisted by



ON THE SITE OF THE NEW MOTOR RACE TRACK AT BRIGHTON: MR. C. L. CLAYTON, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE SCHEME, AND HIS ALVIS CAR, IN THE LONG STRAIGHT.

The work on this track has now been commenced, and a public company is being floated with a capital of £50,000. It consists of a short course of 2 4-10 miles, and a longer one of nearly five miles giving all road conditions. The track is situated up on the Downs above Portslade, and near the Dyke Station. It is expected to be ready by June.

Daimler Double-Six, as I found it, some of the details of the car must be quoted. The bore and stroke of the twelve cylinders are 81.5 mm. by 114 mm., which implies a tax horse-power of fifty. I was informed that the actual power developed at the peak of efficiency is 165. The engine consists, in fact, of two six-cylinder Knight sleeve-valved engines, set "V" fashion, with their inlets on the outside and their exhausts between them. The crank-shaft is carried on seven bearings, and is fitted with a vibration damper. Each of the pair of engines is complete in itself, having its separate carburetter, induction system, and ignition. The sleeveless type of engine naturally makes for a more accessible unit than would be possible with the mushroom type, whether overhead or side-by-side, and, although at first glance the opened bonnet reveals a positively startling bulk of machinery, a short inspection will show you that everything has really been carried out remarkably cleverly.

The ignition of both engines is of the dual type, but, had I been designing this car, I should have finished the job of reduplication, and fitted two dynamos



IN A PICTURESQUE SUSSEX VILLAGE: A 20-55-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER HUMBER AT SINGLETON.

maximum speed; something, I believe, in the eighties. I had no opportunity of getting anywhere near this. In fact, I was only once able to get the speed indicator needle to the mile-a-minute mark. This car picks up in a spectacular manner from a crawl to about fifty miles an hour, and for that reason it is delightful to drive on crowded roads; but I fancy a considerable stretch of straight empty road would be necessary for the attainment of anything much over sixty miles an hour. When you take into consideration the enormous size of the saloon car I was driving, and the weight of the chassis, this is not to be wondered at.

As I said, it is a very difficult matter to appreciate this car, because one has no standard to go by. Eighty miles an hour may, or may not, be very good for it; the pick-up may, or may not, be brilliant. It is, to my thinking, entirely a matter for the buyer to judge. In any case, for the now popular luxury price of £1850 for a short chassis, he has a car which is as nearly a one-gear car as has yet been devised. Needless to say, travelling in it is extremely luxurious, and, when you have verified that, I think the Double-Six Daimler's existence is justified.

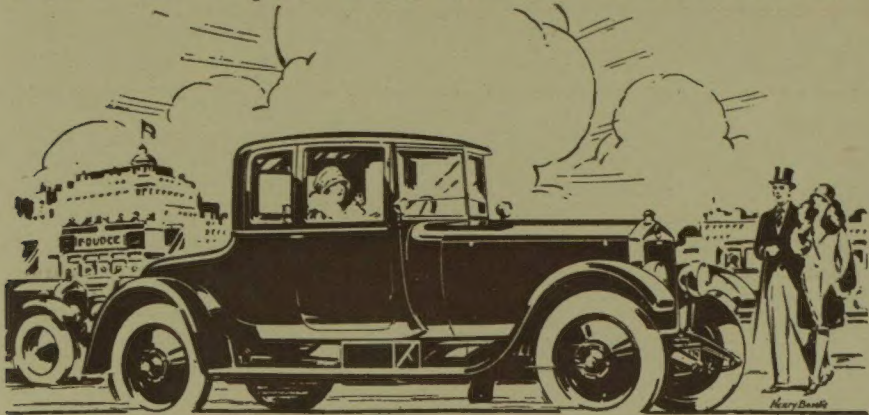
There is one point on which I can criticise the car, and that is on the position of the gear control, which is central. The equipment is extraordinarily good, and the whole car is quite first-class throughout.



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE NEW DAIMLER "DOUBLE-SIX" ENCLOSED LANDAUETTE (MODEL "P.")—A PIONEER IN EUROPE OF THE TWELVE-CYLINDER TYPE.

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The "Lanchester" is built in two sizes:—a 40 h.p. 6-cylinder car, and a smaller 6-cylinder model of 21 h.p. designed on similar lines. The car illustrated here is an example from the 21 h.p. range, a Coupé with coach-built head. It looks a two-seater—actually it will accommodate five. Catalogues and photographs on demand.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"LILIOM," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"LILIOM," a work of the Hungarian playwright Molnar, is one of those stage allegories, or, if you like, dream-fantasies, which pretend to more content in the way of poetry and symbolism and spiritual meaning than they really possess. It tempts the spectator's imagination to fill out the author's vaguenesses with the body of his own thought, and proves in the end to be not worth the trouble. Its hero is a sort of Peer Gynt, a heartless circus attendant, who, after constantly ill-treating the faithful little servant-girl he has married, is supposed to die, to be sentenced in the next world, and to be allowed as ghost to revisit wife and daughter. Waking up from his dream, he passionately kisses his ill-used wife. It is poor stuff, on which a wealth of decorative and interpretative art has been lavished in the London production. For one thing, Komisarjevsky's services have been engaged, and his pictures of Hungarian fair and caravan and railway embankment are worthy of his genius. For another thing, Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Fay Compton have been secured to play the two leading rôles; but both seem hampered by a certain inability to grasp what it is the author is after in his fable.

"THE GOLD-DIGGERS," AT THE LYRIC.

You dig for gold, if you are a chorus-girl at any rate, when you take wealthy men's money without granting them any favours in return. Jerry Lamar, heroine of Mr. Avery Hopwood's play, is a chorus-girl, and she turns "gold-digger" for a good motive—to help her innocent little pal, Violet Dayne, also in the chorus, to marry the (prospectively rich) man of her heart. A stern tyrant bars the way of true love in the person of the young man's uncle, a millionaire. As the millionaire mistakes dashing Jerry for his nephew's choice, it occurs to her to take advantage of his error. Why not bilk the old fellow and shock him so profoundly that he will turn gladly to the demure Violet and say, "Now if you had selected that sort of girl I should have approved at once." So at an evening party we have from her an exhibition of high-kicking, audacious dancing, and general abandon which, far from horrifying the millionaire, delights him consumedly. He falls in love with her, and since she is blessed with a mother of immaculate

propriety, the curtain drops on the promise of two weddings instead of one. Here is a story that pleases the unsophisticated type of playgoer, and it only needed what it gets, the engagement of so fascinating and energetic an actress as Miss Tallulah Bankhead to frolic through the heroine's scenes, to make the



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pleasure double and success assured. Miss Jobyna Howland, Miss Ruth Terry, and Mr. Ian Hunter are in the cast, and with them that ever-welcome veteran, Mr. Fred Kerr.

MISS THORNDIKE'S LADY MACBETH.

It has always seemed as if Miss Sybil Thorndike were born to play Lady Macbeth; her heroines of Greek tragedy, her Beatrice Cenci, her Queen Katharine were all preparations for this climax; she has, it might have been said in advance, the presence, the stature, the brain for the part. Similarly, Mr. Henry Ainley, with his ripe experience, his sense of character, and fine elocutionary gifts, might well appear one of the likeliest of Macbeths. The two are seen together in a revival at the Prince's for which Mr. Charles Ricketts supplies austere settings, reserving colour for the banquetting hall episode and the triumphant entry of Malcolm; while Mr. Granville Bantock has written music in which the bagpipes predominate, perhaps rather too intrusively. Nearly all the text is played, and this involves too frequent a shifting of scene for interest to be cumulative—indeed, Mr. Lewis Casson's arrangement sacrifices, either accidentally or deliberately, the external to the internal drama of the story. The early acts are so telescoped that the pause in the action after Duncan's murder, the knocking on the door, and the porter's soliloquy miss not a little of their effect; similarly, the killing of Banquo and the duel of Macbeth and Macduff go for less than in previous revivals. We are asked to concentrate attention on the futility of the usurper's ambition, on the emptiness of success for the new Queen, and certainly this Macbeth and his wife, as they sit crowned, disillusioned, and unable to comfort each other's unhappiness, make in the growing dusk an impressive enough spectacle. Mr. Ainley, an auburn-wigged Thane, stresses the moral cowardice of Macbeth at the expense of his superstition and his poetic instinct; at present, very oddly, he does not give full value to some of the matchless lyrical passages which fall to the part; but there are the makings of something big in his performance, and he is notably good in the scene with the murderers. Miss Thorndike's Lady Macbeth does not disappoint expectations; the actress indicates firmly enough the will-power, the subtle intelligence of the woman; there is majesty about her at the banquet; there are some exquisitely poignant moments in her sleep-walking scene, and no Lady Macbeth of our times has revealed better in her aspect the growth of care and the gradual collapse of body under mental strain. For the rest, Mr. Basil Gill's is an excellent Macduff, Mr. Casson's a drab Banquo, and the trio of witches—Mr. Ivan Berlyn, Mr. Ronald Kerr, and Miss Zillah Carter—are "weird" enough.

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12 0	× 6 0	6 12 0	4 18 0
12 0	× 9 0	9 18 0	7 7 0
12 0	× 10 6	11 11 0	8 11 6
12 0	× 12 0	13 4 0	9 16 0
13 6	× 9 0	11 2 9	8 5 6
13 6	× 10 6	13 0 0	9 13 0
13 6	× 12 0	14 17 0	11 0 6
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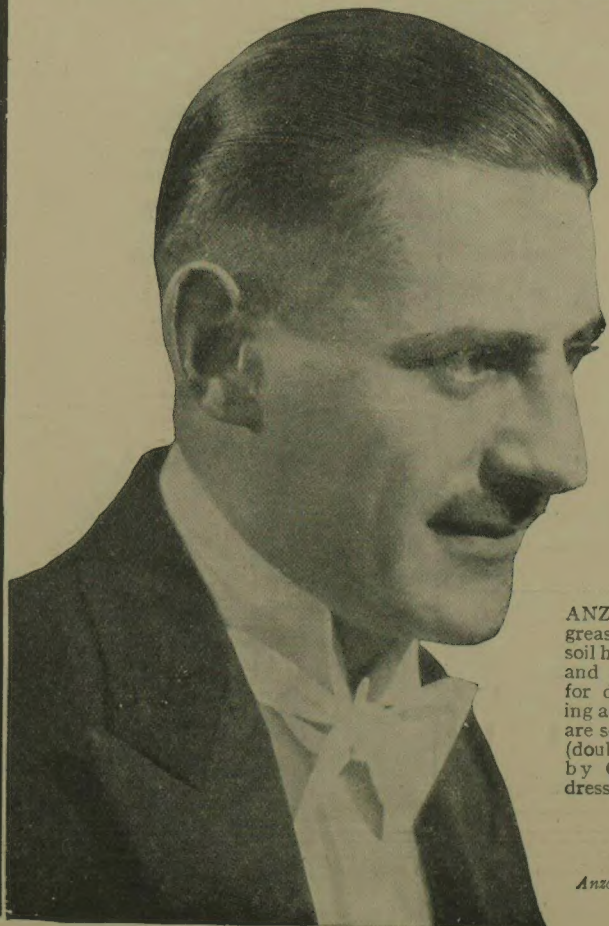
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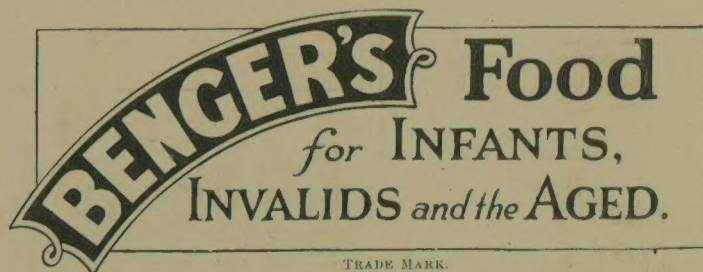
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SIR CHARLES WALSTON'S "ALCAMENES."

SIR CHARLES WALSTON (author of the book "Alcamenes, and the Establishment of the Classical Type in Greek Art") sends us the following comments with regard to the article which appeared in our issue of Dec. 11. He wishes to state that the Cambridge University Press, and especially its readers, are in no way responsible for any misprints, or mistakes, he might himself have made, though of the six slips in footnote quotations of the literature, as well as in the ascription of the illustrations (of which there are 208), at least four can be shown to be erroneous. The reproach of not giving profile views from the eastern pediment at Olympia rests upon a serious misapprehension, as the only three with such profile view are adequately given in the book. But, above all, the writer seems to have failed to grasp the marked difference in composition between the pediment of Paionios and that of Alcamenes, which, in other respects as well, are potent arguments in favour of the definite statement of Pausanias, and thus convey the marked and individual artistic character of Alcamenes. The point is: That the eastern pediment gives the *frontal* view, whereas the western pediment of Alcamenes shows a marked preference for the *profile* view, especially of the heads, and in these heads shows the first step in the establishment of the classical type in Greek art.

As regards the form of the book as given to it by the publisher, he has received from his responsible colleagues in Great Britain and abroad the highest commendation, which also applies to the contents and to the arguments brought forward in support of his theses. He singles out two passages from such letters: the one from a German authority most prominent in the younger school of that country; the other from a French archaeologist who occupies the most important Chair of that subject in France. Both admit his justification of the credibility of Pausanias and the important position which in the

future will have to be accorded to Alcamenes in the art of the fifth century B.C. They run as follows—

"Ich begreisse ihr Festhalten an der Zuverlässigkeit der Nachschriften des Pausanias über die Meister der Olympischen Skulpturen und in der Schätzung des Alkamenes als einer der führenden Meister des fünften Jahrhunderts."

"Il m'apparaît dès maintenant que vous apportez dans l'analyse du rôle artistique d'Alcamène, et de la sculpture du Vme. s. en général, des idées neuves et hardies. Ce n'est pas moi qui me scandaliserai de vos audaces: l'incertitude de la tradition les autorise, et il est évident que l'on doit attribuer à Alcamène un rôle réel moins effacé que celui dont il jouait dans les histoires les plus répandues de l'art grec."

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK.

CHINA continues to play a leading part in the moving picture of world politics, and none can say what the *dénouement* will be. Those whose duty or interest it is to study the Chinese situation, and to understand what has been happening there during recent years, will find valuable aid in the new edition of "The China Year Book" for 1926-7 (price 30s.), edited by H. G. W. Woodhead, Editor of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*. It is published in China by The Tientsin Press, 181, Victoria Road, Tientsin; in London by Messrs. Simpkin Marshall; and in the United States by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago. For a full understanding of the complex political, military, industrial, and economic condition of China, this admirable volume is absolutely indispensable. The editor's preface in itself is very significant of the chaotic state of affairs. "The period covered by this issue," he writes, "has been the most critical through which China has passed since the Boxer madness of 1900. . . . Ever since the arrival of Soviet emissaries they have conducted intensive propaganda to persuade the Chinese that their troubles are due to foreign 'capitalism,'

'imperialism,' and the 'unequal treaties.' . . . The compilation of this issue has presented exceptional difficulties. The Editor, returning to China from Europe at the end of 1925, found it impossible to reach Tientsin by rail, and was compelled to travel by steamer. The vessel was seized by pirates. . . . Interruption of communications caused heart-breaking delays in the collection of material and statistics." In these circumstances he is to be heartily congratulated on the excellent results of his labours. The volume contains many new features, while others have been revised and largely rewritten. It is impossible here even to summarise the contents of the work, but it may be said that every phase of life in China—historical, physiographical, commercial, administrative, social, and religious—is adequately represented. Particularly useful sections are the "Who's Who" of prominent people in China, the accounts of the recent political and military movements, and the new statistical information regarding Foreign Concessions and Settlements. The use of a small type was inevitable in such a voluminous compendium, but, though small, it is clear, and printed on good paper. The only mistake we notice is the date of the preface—1916 instead of 1926.

Among the picture-books for young people published this season were several attractive volumes of verse. Amusing poems, with comic thumb-nail sketches rather in the "Bab Ballad" style, compose "Strained Relations," by Harry Graham, illustrated by H. Stuart Menzies and Hendy (Methuen; 6s. net). In a different key, rather that of "A Child's Garden of Verses," is "Joan's Door," by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by Will Townsend (Collins; 7s. 6d. net), a dainty little book of wistful and tender verse, with a humorous touch, that will win many friends. The illustrators of "Strained Relations" have also collaborated in a farcical prose effort, "Sport and Fun All the Year Round," by H. Stuart Menzies, illustrated by G. Hendy (Herbert Jenkins; 2s. 6d. net). Here, in fact, is all the fun of the fair.

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